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THE latest bulletin from President Harding announces still another change of plan; he will, after all, make a speech on the World Court in his forthcoming trip, but at this writing there will apparently be only one reference to it. The Indiana Republican Editorial Association in convention assembled has just refused even to mention the subject in its resolutions. Senator Ashurst of Arizona predicts that the court will not be mentioned in the coming campaign. A most distinguished Englishman, who has for months been meeting great groups of Americans from coast to coast, reports overwhelming opposition to the court proposal wherever he has been. On the other hand, Senator Borah believes that there will be a hard fight over the court, but that it will be beaten in the Senate, and that is beginning to be the view of some conservative Washington correspondents. Meanwhile, in the face of the appeal to the church people and what might be called the professional advocates of the court and the League of Nations, the public is gradually becoming aware that some of the most noted supporters of court and league are the worst standpatters and reactionaries we have. Some of the very men who are most conspicuous in their efforts to jail all who differ with their views, who are opposed to all thoroughgoing domestic reforms, demand that we save Europe by means of the court.

IN the Minnesota primaries Governor Preus has won the Republican nomination for United States Senator and Magnus Johnson that of the Farmer-Labor Party. While Governor Preus controls a powerful party machine and is backed by Big Business, the prospects for Mr. Johnson's victory are good. Evidence of that is the perturbation of the Republican leaders. The Republican Senatorial Committee has had a long conference with the President and has induced him to speak in Minnesota. Undeterred by the fate of President Taft at Winona, Mr. Harding is going to venture into the enemy's country; we believe that every speech he makes will send votes to the Farmer-Labor Party. Already the Republicans in their fright are sending speakers into Minnesota together with much campaign literature, and it is even reported that they are negotiating with the Democrats for a combination at the polls, just as in the East the sacred and so widely divergent policies of the Republican and Democratic parties can always be merged and found to agree exactly when it comes to defeating a Socialist candidate. Mr. Johnson would make an admirable Senator. We hope that Mr. Harding will make not one but at least a dozen speeches in Minnesota before the election on July 16.

THE final return of the prisoners taken by the Chinese bandits ought to please everybody except those who breathe fire and slaughter. By the patience of forbearance and by careful negotiation the captives have all been set free unharmed, without that rash military and naval intervention which certain people were prompt in demanding, although such an intervention could only have caused bloodshed and widened the cleft between China and the leading Western nations. Certain American and English merchants' associations in China are, of course, not satisfied. They have demanded that the State Department cease its weak and feeble policy; that the Powers station military garrisons all over China and take over the finances of the country, and that the United States abandon its noble policy of handing back the Boxer indemnity to China. Like other chambers of commerce in other lands, these people talk as if China were made for their express benefit—to be run as they see fit. The situation in China is bad; it may even with the abdication of President Li grow worse. But these are the pains and pangs of a transition period to better things, and those foreigners who are not willing to share the risks and losses ought to return promptly and leave China to work out her own salvation.

IT is, perhaps, too much to expect that the logic of events will ever persuade Eamon de Valera to be contented with the substantial measure of self-government obtained by Ireland under her new constitution, and to give over struggling for the formal recognition of an absolute independence. There is little prospect, at any rate, that such an almost miraculous conversion will be reported in the near future. In the latest statement he has issued, Mr. De Valera refuses in advance to attach any significance to the result of the coming elections, alleging that there will be "no chance of fair play" for the Republicans. At the same time

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he announces that the Republican Party may present one candidate in each constituency to enable the people to demonstrate their choice—a policy, surely, that fully justifies Mr. De Valera's claim to be considered typically "Irish." For you cannot consistently repudiate the authority of a government and yet nominate candidates at elections that are held under its writs. Mr. De Valera has further declared that his proposals to England and the Free State are the last word of the Republicans to both. Saying one's last word may appear a less heroic attitude than dying in the last ditch, but the friends of Ireland will hope that, after all, the controversy may reach its final stage in speeches and manifestos rather than in deeds of violence.

WE commented recently on the bill before the Wisconsin Legislature which proposes to place upon employers the cost of an unemployment-insurance scheme. Now comes word of an approaching arrangement in Chicago whereby the manufacturing clothiers will share with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers the cost of a joint insurance scheme; the State will take no part. Employer and employee will contribute a sum not to exceed 1½ per cent of the latter's weekly wage. This will form an unemployment-insurance fund from which those involuntarily out of work will receive benefits amounting to 40 per cent of their full-time earnings (with $20 as a weekly maximum). These benefits will not be paid for more than five weeks in a year. This scheme is on the pattern of various arrangements in Europe for the same purpose, although there the state generally contributes part toward the fund and controls its administration. The Chicago plan is perhaps open to criticism in that it tends to tie the worker to his job, but it is an interesting experiment toward ameliorating one of the greatest tragedies of modern industrialism.

Here in the Ruhr everything goes on as it always has since the beginning and only changes so imperceptibly that one is not conscious of any change. So far as one can see the passive resistance can last for months yet. Almost nobody goes to work for the French, and almost nobody rides on the French trains. Anybody may be arrested any minute. Hundreds of people are thrown out of their houses every day, allowed to take with them nothing but a toothbrush. But the stubbornness of these people is something *glorious:*

THUS writes one of the most reliable and unbiased American correspondents in the Ruhr. Since his letter was mailed have come the murder of six Germans in Dortmund and the killing of two French soldiers in what was first represented to be a brawl over women—and the next day became a serious political crime. Everywhere resistance is on the increase; every day comes news that more bombs have gone off and more rails have been torn up. And the stupid French militarists have, of course, no other remedy than to egg on the Communists and, after that, to use more force, so now the plan is to put the whole Ruhr under martial law. Their execution of the twenty-seven-year-old Lieutenant Schlageter has not only had no deterrent effect but has made of him a national hero—precisely as the Germans made a heroine of Nurse Cavell. Generals never learn anything, no matter whose uniform they wear. Is it any wonder that Dean Inge of St. Paul's, in his introduction to "The Coming Renaissance" by Sir James Marchant, writes that "Those who babbled about making the world safe for democracy have discovered that the democratic French are, as they always have been, the most bellicose of nations, if not the *most ruthless of conquerors"?* These are no pro-German's words but those of a foremost clergyman of England.

STILL another American, and a very important one, has been heard from after a visit to the Ruhr. He is Mr. Pierrepont B. Noyes, American representative of the Rhineland High Commission in 1919 and 1920. To the New York *World* he has made the following statement:

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. That quotation sums up my views of French policy. This may be the beginning of a new Napoleonic era. The most remarkable aspect of the present crisis is the patience of Britain under the most humiliating treatment any nation except Germany has endured within my memory. . . . One can hardly believe that possession for a short time of the most powerful army in the world could have created such a megalomania in France that her responsible government has decided to classify Britain with Germany as a potentially beaten foe. Yet it looks that way.

Since this statement French madness has further evidenced itself in the fining of two German business men, respectively 4,300,000,000 marks and 5,800,000,000 marks, besides sentencing them each to five years in prison for refusal to make deliveries of goods demanded by the French. If this is not madness, it is certainly incredibly brutal. Meanwhile, special correspondents in the Ruhr have protested against the evident undertaking of the French to starve men, women, and children by tightening the cordon. Bochum is without milk and foodstuffs, and appeals to America for help; other cities are as badly off. The one bright light in the situation is that the Prime Minister of England continues to refuse to sanction the whole monstrous policy of the French. Poincaré may yet have an unpleasant surprise at the hands of the Conservative Stanley Baldwin.

THE death of Maurice Henry Hewlett will leave the world comparatively unstirred. Though he was only sixty-two years old he had had to endure the pathetic experience of seeing the decline of his own reputation which, in the last decade of the nineteenth century and for some years beyond, was so wide and looked so solid. The reason was that Mr. Hewlett's art, fine and highly wrought as it was at its best, was essentially decorative. The Middle Age which he treated so elaborately was all bronze and brocade, all legend and leafage, all gold background and frozen gesture. In all his novels life was twice swathed: once by the trappings of which he made so much, again by the rich, exact but incurable artificiality of his own style. That style derived, broadly speaking, from the school of Pater. It was a highly conscious style; it had a curious and heady beauty of its own; lovers of literature will return to it sporadically from age to age and some Charles Lamb of the future will doubtless cultivate fine frenzies of gusto over "The Madonna of the Peach Trees" and many another story or passage. But, like the minor writers of the renaissance in this, Mr. Hewlett's preoccupations were too remote not only in their accidents but in their essence from the burning business of life to permit his reputation to settle to the permanence of fame. When the World War came he made fantastic contributions to the patriotic legend of his country. In later years he has cooperated with the Quakers in the cause of peace. But this sobering of his outlook evidently came too late in his life to produce a new period of creative activity.

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THE day has begun to come, and we welcome it, when students realize they have a right to demand a voice in the management of the universities. Amherst seniors have sent a committee to protest to their Board of Trustees against the threatened sacrifice of President Alexander Meiklejohn to the forces of reaction. The seniors at Clark University have learned to observe and to think, if they have not had the rich heritage that that institution formerly gave to its students. They, by a unanimous vote, and "in a sincere desire to make a constructive contribution to the better understanding" of the critical situation at Clark, have called to the attention of the Board of Trustees their belief that "there has been a distinct disintegration of morale in the undergraduate student body" and that this disintegration is traceable not to a few discontented professors but is a direct result of President Atwood's failure intelligently to cooperate with student leaders. "He has," the seniors charge, "by his statements and acts directly antagonized said leaders . . . the only hope of a revival of a wholesome morale lies not in the continuation of present relations, but rather in a policy of conciliation and intimate cooperation." To this indictment President Atwood has nothing to offer but a dark hint that the resolution was formulated at a "small meeting of the senior class at the suggestion of three men, whose names have been given to me" (happily they have their diplomas!). He takes a fling at certain departing professors forced out by his methods and at the mental integrity of the students by doughtily adding: "I consider the resolution as quite in keeping with the example and instruction given the senior class by some of the professors—quite in character!"

SURELY babel has come upon us when churchmen join palms with militarists and mouth such sickening cant as emanated from the conference of religious and welfare workers called by Secretary Weeks at Washington last week to consider the moral and religious training of soldiers. "We deprecate," they unanimously said, "any attempt made under the cloak of religion and in the name of false pacifism to deny the support of the churches to the well-being of our army and navy." In the face of daily revelations of the humbuggery and hypocrisy of the last war and the daily almost annihilating burden of hate, fear, reprisals, and irreparable losses attending upon that war, they affirmed that "the army and navy have always been essential to the life and welfare of the republic . . . (and) command, therefore, the respect of every true citizen." To quote the Women's International League: "Does good citizenship demand that we express our ideals in terms of destruction?" Let the bishops, rabbis, and priests not decry the irreligion of the present generation when they commit such crimes against their own profession and the conscience of the people. They admit the will of the citizens is for peace when they seek to cover their purposes by coining a specious phrase like "false pacifism" to fling at those who will have no more of war—that ungodly and utterly ineffectual refusal to exercise comity and conscience in human affairs. There is far more of the spirit of Christ in the executives of the sixteen railroad labor organizations who, at a meeting in Chicago on May 27, "placed themselves squarely on record in support of a world-wide campaign to bring about international peace and the outlawing of war." There is far more Christianity in the refusal of the Wisconsin Legislature to build any more armories.

SATIRE is not restricted for its shafts to the written or spoken word. There has been no more pungent comment on the results of the Great War than Sir William Orpen's scathing Academy picture, unless it be the Leeds University War Memorial, where Eric Gill has fixed in an enduring bas-relief his conception of Christ driving war profiteers out of the temple. Max Beerbohm has now been employing his skill to point the folly of the old balance-of-power struggles. In a group of nine subtle but vigorous cartoons, exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, London, he has personified England, France, and Germany in three figures, varying in attitude, garb, and relative proportions according to the shifting policies of the last hundred years. At the opening of the nineteenth century we see France colossal and arrogant, with Germany doing obeisance and John Bull absorbed in his ledgers. In 1815 John Bull, in a semi-military uniform, fills the center of the stage as he sends France to the right-about. After a sketch of the eighteen-forties we reach the sham eagle-beaked Napoleon of the sixties, who in turn makes way for the imperial German of the seventies, destined by the early years of the twentieth century to swell to menacing proportions. In 1914 John Bull knocks over his ledgers and follows France to the fray, from which, in 1919, they emerge triumphant, though scarred, with a helpless foe under their thumbs. By 1923 the cycle is complete. France once more dominates the scene as an aggressive militant figure, albeit somewhat out at elbows and toes, and John Bull looks up in concern from behind a desk furnished no longer with ledgers but with a file of bills. These "Tales of Three Nations" form a series of biting caricatures that would provide texts for a whole course of lectures on modern European history.

THE motion, "That this House envies its grandchildren," has been negatived at the Oxford Union Society by a vote of 240 to 239. At this debate Hilaire Belloc, revisiting the scene of his early triumphs, spoke for the ayes. He envied his grandchildren, he said, because things were breaking up, and that meant simplicity, and simplicity meant happiness, and happiness was the end of man. The less people knew the happier they were, and certain it was that their grandchildren would learn less and would probably not think at all. Mr. Belloc has a rare gift for talking with his tongue in his cheek, but a similar conclusion about modern intellectual tendencies has been reached by a sober scholar, whose utterances are tinged by no suspicion of irony. In his Romanes lecture, delivered at Oxford the same week, Professor John Burnet, of St. Andrew's University, declared that the young men of the present day—to predict nothing of their grandchildren—were absolutely and relatively more ignorant than those of forty years ago, and, what was worse, had less curiosity and intellectual independence. He refused to be comforted by the spread of education among "the masses." There had been Dark Ages before, he pointed out, and they had generally supervened on periods when knowledge of a sort was more widely distributed than ever. As a Platonist, Dr. Burnet believes in an intellectual élite whose first-hand knowledge is the only reservoir from which the needs of the many can be supplied, and it is the decay of this élite, as represented at the universities, that awakens his concern. But may not these institutions be reinvigorated by making their opportunities more widely available?

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Who Undermines Prohibition?

WORSE and worse the prohibition tangle becomes, chiefly because of the lack of frankness, honest and straightforward dealing in those we intrust with our law-making and law-enforcing. The spectacle of the United States seeking to compel the vessels of other countries to conform to our domestic customs while temporarily in port and at the same time endeavoring to extend the immemorial three-mile limit to twelve (why not twenty?) is enough to make one hang one's head with shame. Well do we merit the jibing of the cartoon in an English daily which portrayed a steamer arriving in English waters and passing through a lane of signs marked: "Give up your horned spectacles here"; "Limit for chewing gum here," etc., etc. We shall be lucky, indeed, if there are no reprisals. Yet our fanatics insist that we impose our wills and our peculiar beliefs upon those who in the conduct of international trade are temporarily our guests.

Our readers will not misunderstand, we are sure, *The Nation's* position. We are for the prohibition amendment as long as it is law and are for its rigid enforcement. But there is no stronger argument for a nation-wide referendum than this case presents; we should therefore like to see the question submitted today to a vote of all the people. Believing as we do that the result would be overwhelming approval, there would then be a clear-cut popular opinion behind efforts to enforce the law. But if we err in this and the majority should favor the abolition of prohibition we should accept the decision with all the cheerfulness we could muster; if the vote were a close one either way we should deeply regret it, but that is the risk a democracy has to run which is founded on the rule of the majority. The point plainly is that then the people would have spoken, and not merely legislatures full of cowardly politicians voting not according to their inmost beliefs or according to their consciences, but at the dictation of paid lobbies.

But has not a reforming minority the right to convert others to its views or to incorporate those views into legislation? Were not the Abolitionists a small minority? Did not the woman suffragists begin with a mere handful of despised men and women? Unquestionably; yet the parallel is not quite exact; their methods were different; more than that we do not recall any such tyrannical efforts to dominate legislatures and men as we are witnessing today. In New York the Anti-Saloon League has been laying down the law to the Republicans with amazing effrontery—as if no other issue existed on earth today. Mr. Anderson undertakes to tell the Republicans who is fit for the gubernatorial nomination and who is not. With one sweeping wave of the hand this organization informs the party that it may not nominate either Col. Roosevelt or Mr. Machold, but must choose from a list it submits. Louis XIV never identified himself with the state more completely.

Now, in our judgment, there can be only one outcome of such arrogance and that is a further reaction from prohibition. That is a great pity from the reformers' own point of view. What they ought to be doing is concentrating upon the enforcement of the law and, by the sweet reasonableness of this attitude, making friends for the arguable principle that as long as the law is on the statute books it should be enforced. They might also dwell upon the hypocrisy which, as we have already pointed out, marks the carrying out of the law. It is a profound misfortune from the point of view of the cause of temperance that the taint of falseness rests upon the entire prohibition struggle. Some legislatures voted it the bulk of whose members were totally opposed in principle and practice. Our highest officials violate the law privately when there is no danger of discovery or publicity. We heard one remark not so very long ago that he had built one of the most marvelous cellars in America and stocked it with more than enough to last him a lifetime—at least six varieties of wine were served at his table—but he is viciously against all "reds" and laboring men and anybody else who "will not obey our laws, by heaven, sir." Inveighing against those who would undermine our Constitution, he himself does his uttermost to bring it into contempt and to prove the theory that those sworn to uphold this particular law are our worst law-breakers.

By decision of Mr. Mellon we have ceased to conserve the morals of sailors on foreign ships in our harbors by denying them wine or liquor during their stay, and Mr. Harding, it is reported in dispatches, proposes to ask Congress to repeal that section of the Volstead law which suggests this precious bit of puritanical tyranny. Very well; but why is he not man enough to come out and say so? Why is he not willing to give that much comfort to those foreigners whom we are so incommoding and so infuriating?

We sincerely hope that some of these countries will take prompt action against us. We have become so used to forcing our will upon other peoples not a tenth or a hundredth of our size, like the Haitians and the Dominicans and the Mexicans, that it would be an extremely good thing if we were to hear from a fellow our own size that he did not intend to be put upon. Europe has a right to be extremely irritated against us. It was only a few months ago that Mr. Lasker and some other officials were counseling Congress to vote that half of the immigrants from foreign countries should cross the Atlantic Ocean upon American vessels.

It is bad enough to enforce our domestic social usages upon those sojourning in our harbors when those usages deliberately contravene the statutes and customs of other lands. To pass legislation in Washington intended to control the free movements of the inhabitants of Italy, or England, or France would be to go beyond all bounds of decency and fairness and international courtesy.

We frankly do not know whether prohibition can be enforced or not. We believe that it has done much for the masses of the people while helping to demoralize the classes that pride themselves upon being superior beings in wealth and intelligence. It may have within it the seeds of a dangerous strife and clash of wills between city and countryside. But we do know that the experiment will never have a fair trial until men reach high office in Washington who, while having due regard for the feelings of others, will themselves stand by the prohibition law and will by their own personal bearing and abstention from liquor set an example for the nation to follow. Today the bootlegger is not prohibition's worst enemy, but the high office-holders who advocate enforcing prohibition by day and then booze away half the night.

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Compulsory Arbitration Dead

THE movement for compulsory arbitration of labor disputes has received a serious setback by the decision of the Supreme Court declaring the Kansas Industrial Court act unconstitutional and void. Indeed, the court's condemnation of the act is so sweeping that it is doubtful whether anything of substance remains. The question arose over a contested order of the Court of Industrial Relations fixing the wages of the employees of a small meat-packing plant, and could have been disposed of by a simple decision that the meat-packing industry is not sufficiently clothed with a public interest to warrant the sort of public regulation imposed. The Supreme Court, however, was unwilling to take such an easy way out, and although it intimated strongly that neither the food, clothing, nor fuel industries are of such a public character as to justify regulation, it preferred to rest its decision on the general nature of the restrictions imposed by the law.

The object of the act, the court found, was to secure continuity of industry. It forbade the owner of a business to suspend operations even though he had been ordered to pay wages which caused him a net loss, and it forbade the employees to strike even though the wages fixed by the Court of Industrial Relations seemed to them lower than their needs. Such limitations upon the liberty of individuals to manage their own affairs, the court now decides, cannot constitutionally be imposed unless a clear obligation to the public to provide continuous service is undertaken either directly or by implication when the owner or the employee enters the business. Compulsory arbitration is constitutional only when there is a situation "somewhat equivalent to the appointment of officers and the enlistment of soldiers and sailors in military service."

What, then, is left of compulsory arbitration? It can be applied, we suppose, to public employees, but its advocates will not take much comfort from that possibility, because wages in that field are matters of legislation and not of bargaining in any event. It can be applied to railway employees in the face of a threatened nation-wide strike, as was decided when the Supreme Court sustained the Adamson eight-hour law. But the court now expressly refuses to extend the rule of that case, referring to it as "exceptional" and as going "to the border line," and that avenue for the spread of the principle is thus shut off.

As a practical matter we think that it may safely be said that compulsory arbitration is dead, except as to the employees of railroads and public utilities in times of particular and vitally pressing emergency. And that its death is a good thing for all of us we have little doubt. The conflicts between those who labor and those who employ are not likely to be solved by a dictated peace, even though the dictation come from a source theoretically above the battle. Their roots are imbedded in human complexity and economic inequality, and they can be helped only by a solution based upon a greater equality of position, and upon freedom to try to reach mutual agreement. Such a solution is far distant, to be sure, but compulsory arbitration stood squarely in the road. That particular obstacle has now been removed, and even though its removal affords another instance of the exercise of a power which we believe the Supreme Court ought not to possess, nevertheless we should give thanks.

As for the Kansas court, this decision ought to seal its doom. Our readers are aware that Governor Davis asked the legislature to abolish it last winter, but that body merely cut down the appropriations for it. He is now quoted as favoring an extra session to wipe the whole experiment off the statute books, and believes that he will save a hundred thousand dollars a year for the State by doing so. We hope that the legislature will now be of his mind. Yet, we cannot feel that the experiment has been wholly without value. It is a good thing to test out a new governmental device with the attention of the nation focused upon it, as it was in this case to a remarkable degree. Until we had had some practical demonstration of its futility and unconstitutionality, we should always have had demands that compulsory arbitration by a court be tried. The moral plainly is, however, not to let our enthusiasm carry us away when an experiment at the beginning is proclaimed a cure-all by those responsible for it. Only two years ago the press was ringing with the demand that similar courts be set up in every State in the Union and by the Federal Government as well. With many, this was due to a genuine belief that a satisfactory solution of the strike difficulty had been achieved; the enthusiasm of others was because they thought that, thanks to the court, a way had been found of securely hobbling labor. *The Nation* takes pride in having opposed the court from the very beginning.

Philosopher *vs.* Statesman

THE STATESMAN. I recognize your arguments. They are old acquaintances. I not only recognize them; I admit their force. But the problem is salvation, salvation in a temporal sense. That can come only from a deed. We must act.

THE PHILOSOPHER. There was a thinker once—you've never heard of him—who said that all action is a sign of limitation. Before you act you must exclude all other possible actions. You must almost assert, at least to yourself, the absoluteness of the value of the deed you choose out of all possible deeds.

STATESMAN. That is vicious intellectualism. Every politician is bound to be a pragmatist. The deed to be done is the fruitful deed.

PHILOSOPHER. What a dangerous doctrine!

STATESMAN. It is the only possible one. We cannot stagnate.

PHILOSOPHER. I am not so sure that abstention from action which you call stagnation would not often be fruitful, that saturation with the idea of a situation would not often help to solve it.

STATESMAN. That sounds true. No doubt it is true in the schools. In my life decisions must be made, since all are immediate and final. Every question is a question of life and death—often literally, often for thousands.

PHILOSOPHER. And always for your career.

STATESMAN. Certainly. And it is my clear right to guard my career since its continuance is the condition of my service to men, the condition of causing my ideas, supposing them to have value, to prevail.

PHILOSOPHER. The trouble with your doctrine is its universality of application.

STATESMAN. I thought that was a virtue in every doctrine.

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PHILOSOPHER. If the statesman must act and act pragmatically and also save his career in order to make himself —I beg your pardon, his ideas—prevail; if that is all, if you forbid the consideration of truth, you make out a perfect case for any person in power—for Mussolini, for Hitler, for the leader of every red terror, every white terror. Each of them acts out on the instant the pragmatically fruitful truth of his personality and situation. In brief, your doctrine is strictly that old and shoddy one that might is right.

STATESMAN. Not at all.

PHILOSOPHER. We are alone, you know.

STATESMAN. Well, what can a man who has power do but exert that power as seems best to him?

PHILOSOPHER. He can do nothing else indeed. And since it is never a philosopher who is in power——

STATESMAN. Heaven forbid!

PHILOSOPHER. Since, at all events, it never is, the action you defend will always be half-blind because it will always spring from hot convictions, from fear, from opportunism ——

STATESMAN. You speak contemptuously of hot convictions. What is nobler?

PHILOSOPHER. The hotter they are, the more ignoble are they likely to be, and the more destructive. Nothing is as sure of itself as ignorance. Isn't that natural? There are no obstacles in its path. Nothing is so sure of itself as fanaticism. Mr. Bryan knows exactly how the world is to be saved; every Kleagle of the Klan knows that too. It's simple. Anatole France is very doubtful; Bertrand Russell hunts for scraps of tentative truth. Action is indeed easy to those who are not fit to act at all.

STATESMAN. You are trying to foist a paradox on me. It follows, I suppose, that those who are worthy of acting cannot and will not and dare not act.

PHILOSOPHER. Precisely. You complete my philosophic truth in its correct form.

STATESMAN. Form?

PHILOSOPHER. Yes. In the world of practice, since there is a world of practice, we cannot indeed adhere to the strict forms of truth.

STATESMAN. Ah, you will become pragmatic in a minute!

PHILOSOPHER. Not at all. What I have said is absolutely and universally true. To translate that truth into action means this: To be afraid of power, to abstain from power as far as is humanly speaking possible, to be afraid of it and abstain from it not through personal considerations, but on the ground of the old and precious saying that no man is good enough to rule another.

STATESMAN. And who is then to wield the irreducible minimum of power in society, since there must be such wielding?

PHILOSOPHER. Those who fear power and hate it and take no pride or glory in it, who exercise it after prayers and tears, to whom the wielding of it is sacrifice and bitter service.

STATESMAN. Mystics, then?

PHILOSOPHER. God forbid! The incorruptible intellects who have thought their way clean through to its essential evil. Not statesmen, of all people.

STATESMAN. Nor professional philosophers, I hope.

PHILOSOPHER. I am not so sure. There are philosophers and philosophers.

The Spice in the Thunderer

SOMETIMES we are tempted to pity the unhappy lot of the tired business man in England. Presumably, like the rest of us, he worries about the state of the world. Presumably he has need to turn to something for relief; but to what can he turn? In wonder and pity we flap over the news pages of the London *Times*. In vain we search for Mutt and Jeff or for Mr. McGinniss or for our good friend Cicero Sapp. They are not there; no one in all those barren pages is being hit by a brick; no one is being precipitated head first, shoes last, out of the picture. And the news, and the headlines! Nothing is done to save the tired Londoner work. The details of the latest divorce indecency are hidden in the fine print of a law-court report and headed "High Court of Justice. Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division. A Husband's Petition. Jones *vs.* Jones and Smith." The details are there, to be sure, even to the least piece of initialed lingerie found in the co-respondent's room; but the reader must hunt hard for them. No kind-hearted reporter writes them into the first paragraph. No rewrite man puts the best of them into the headlines.

For his sports, the Englishman must work almost as hard. After much searching he will come upon a column soberly headed "Sporting News." Then if golf be his hobby, a line of 10-point caps may catch his eye announcing "Departure of American Amateurs." In the language of an Oxford doctor's dissertation he will be informed that friends and admirers gathered at the dock to bid farewell to the Walker Cup Team, who expressed their pleasure at the visit in terms "transparently sincere." "Indeed," remarks the special sports writer, "it was the note of sincerity running through the remarks of all the members of the party . . . which made one realize the significant value of such meetings."

But perhaps the Englishman fares better in his *Times* than we think. Doubtless he has learned to skip those drab pages of news and sports and to turn directly to the last page of all—for there romance awaits him. There, with alluring illustration and tempting description, he can move at once into the greatest estates in the British Isles. They are all for sale, one begins to believe, and they are all cheap —if one forgets the tax rate. Who would fail to find a thrill in the description of Wyckham Park, for example, a pleasant place "seated in a deer park of 270 acres" with "twenty-four bedrooms and two baths," complete "domestic offices," and three lodge houses, not to mention—or to mention only in very fine print—"twenty-three mixed farms, four residences, fifty-six country cottages, seven village shops, and several hundred acres of woodland"? One can as well have a hunting estate of thousands of acres in Scotland. And if one is tempted to worry about the difficulty of upkeep and the trouble of finding the right sort of help, one need only turn back to the first page of the same paper. There, in the personal column, where romance crowds almost as thick as among the real estate, one finds this:

> Ex-officer and Public School boy (27), with nothing else against him except total business inexperience, would be amazed, though eternally indebted, if anyone required his services. Write box F. 363, The Times.

Perhaps after all we could learn to get on without Mutt and Jeff and the flying bricks and the spurious spice of our sports writers. For here is the spice of life itself.

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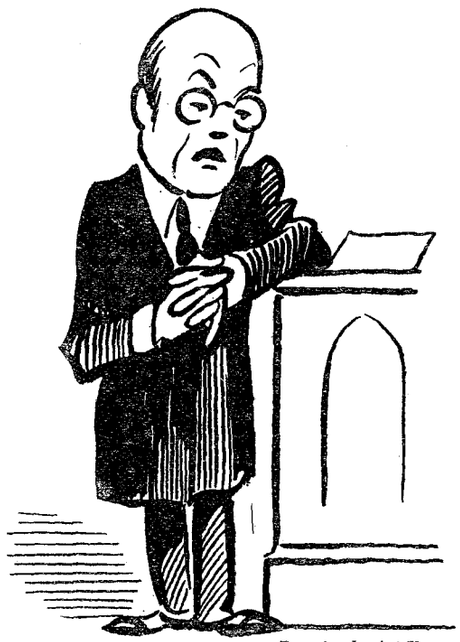
Can the Church Influence Public Opinion?

By HARRY F. WARD

THE churches have undertaken of recent years to work out the meaning of religion in terms of the social order. Hitherto the generally accepted method of the American pulpit has been to appeal to individuals to seek the good life and trust that somehow their goodness would result in a good social order. So that while religious ideals have been a powerful force in the molding of our public opinion, they have operated usually from the subconscious strata of political life, as subterranean waters irrigate some valley lands. In recent years, however, church bodies have been declaring definite social and industrial standards. They have advanced the ideal of industrial and social democracy. Some of them have been saying that there must be the widest possible distribution of property, that there must be the fullest possible cooperative ownership and control of industry and of the natural resources upon which industry depends, and that the motive of service must replace the motive of profit. Now these attempts to define the elements of a religious social order mean that the churches are recognizing that the common, associated life is the objective of their work and preaching, that they must deal with individuals as members one of another. But these individuals are influenced by and are often a part of a public opinion which holds that concentrated ownership and industrial autocracy is the best if not the only way to carry forward our economic affairs, that the will to power and not the will to serve is the mainspring of all ordered life. Hence it is perfectly clear that the present program of the churches means that, consciously or otherwise, they have undertaken the task of changing public institutions, public opinion, and public morality. Can it be done?



Drawing by Art Young

The Modern Minister:

Since we are not engaged in war at present I will take for my text the subject of peace.

Obviously it was done in the matter of the saloon. A number of the churches formed an organization for the particular purpose of changing public opinion regarding the use of alcoholic liquors—which became the chief agent in registering a social judgment that will not be reversed, no matter what may happen to particular legislative or administrative measures. It is also clear that the churches have developed a sentiment for disarmament which has been an essential element in mobilizing a public opinion that has driven the administration further along the road of limitation of armaments than its own timid benignity would have carried it, and will not be content with its present very limited achievement. Yet, in both these matters, it must be remembered that the propaganda of the churches has run side by side with the self-interest of the owners of property—the group that manages most of the time to control the democratic state. Limitation of taxes is politically a more powerful appeal than disarmament for the sake of mankind, and the slogan of industrial efficiency played no small part in the campaign against alcohol.

When it comes to industrial democracy, the churches will have no such allies. Here the issue is squarely joined between God and Mammon, so that neither compromise nor truce is possible. The reactions to the steel-strike report and to declarations concerning the open-shop campaign have shown the churches what machinery of propaganda is ready to confuse the public mind with skilful misrepresentations as soon as religion attacks privilege. Today the preacher is not merely competing with the printing press for public attention, he is fighting against organized publicity. Against publicity and propaganda organized by and for special privilege what forces for the making of public opinion can the churches mobilize?

To begin with, the churches have their own printing presses, publishing houses, and journalism. For over a century printer's ink has been lavishly used to supplement and multiply the pulpit. With the equipment that has thus been developed the churches do not stand helpless before the forces of self-interest in the contest of propaganda.

At present this equipment is almost entirely directed toward the membership of the churches. Most of the 900 religious journals of the country are official denominational papers. They are like trade journals, of interest only to initiates, and increasingly less so to them.

There are, however, some promising developments in church journalism. Young blood is getting into editorial offices. One unofficial and interdenominational journal is developing new policies so that its editorials and contributed articles on the vital human issues of the day are compelling attention beyond church circles and acquiring a large influence within them. But for the most part church papers will remain church papers. Now that the issue between God and Mammon is joining sharp and clear, if the church papers are responsible for keeping from the field a great army that desires to serve humanity, because they have left them in ignorance of the matter, they might as well have served the devil for pay; they could do his work no better.

In the matter of books there is less reason for hope. No radical books in either theology or social problems have been or will be issued by denominational publishing houses. It is a strange paradox that publishing houses conducted for private profit will print books attacking the gospel of Mammon which no publishing house dedicated to the Gospel of God dare accept, that those church writers who seek to save

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mankind from the destruction which awaits the acquisitive society, and those church groups that seek the reconstruction of the society according to the ideal of religion, must go out into the world of business to get their message printed. In that part of the published material of religious organizations which is avowedly educational there has been included a considerable body of instruction that analyzes the institutions and presuppositions of our industrial civilization in the light of the teaching of Jesus and sets up new standards of action. This material is the product of the Religious Education Movement, which is itself a part of the newer education in general, whose aim it is to develop citizens of a serving society, not profit-makers nor profitable wage workers.

Given time, the new religious education, which is replacing the old-fashioned Sunday school with competent curriculum and methods, will produce a body of opinion within church circles that will prove a large and vital factor in the shaping of public opinion generally in the direction of a better social order. It will be a generation, however, before this movement can be largely effective. Meantime the issue becomes sharper so that the conservatives will scrutinize much more carefully what goes into the curriculum. Also the course of events commits the nation to policies which will be harder to change than to prevent. Moreover we cannot wait. The storm is brewing that will test the house of our civilization, and this time it will not go round us. Another war, a little more economic collapse in Europe, and what avail will be all these constant streams of influence for the revitalizing of an aging social order which are constantly pouring in from the educational work of the church school and the pulpit? In these days of decision organized religion needs a publicity that can reach the adult mind quickly and plainly.

Publicity in the technical sense of the word is a tool which has not been overlooked nor neglected by those who have been promoting recent drives in the church world. Every large religious organization has its publicity department, issuing constant releases. Some theological seminaries are beginning to teach their students how to use the newspapers as amplifiers of their message. Organizations to promote church moving-pictures are springing up. The test question for all this activity is whether it is—like all commercial, professional, or political publicity—propaganda for a special interest, or the propagation of the truth.

Some shrewd observers believe that among the causes of the demise of the Interchurch Movement was the character of its publicity. How much of it was an appeal to support an institution? How much of that was a direct appeal to the acquisitive instinct, portraying the church as a conserver of property and property rights? How many millions was the anti-bolshevism slogan worth to the churches in the drives of the past few years; and what will they give in the world of tomorrow to be rid of that record? If the publicity of religion is to be no different in character from that of the publicity of the world, if it is to be actuated by the same motive of conserving some privilege or protecting some self-interest, it had better not be born, for it will destroy religion instead of developing it.

After all, the main reliance of the church in its appeal to public opinion must still be "the foolishness of preaching." The kingdom of Mammon will naturally refuse to supply money for printed matter designed to secure its overthrow. Those who seek the Commonwealth of God may be unable to supply funds to offset the publicity propaganda of its destroyers, but the human voice is still effective and jails and scaffolds do but increase its power. The word that is disinterested is still news and ever will be.

Perhaps it will be well for the church to forget for a while the publicity propaganda of its opponents and look only to its own message. The psychology of publicity is the psychology of commercialism. It has something to sell for a profit. The church cannot compete in that game; it can only lose its own soul, as the sermon topics in the papers show. The psychology of religious effort, when it wants not to suppport churches but to make a new world, is to concentrate on its message, to utter it only because it is true. The preacher who is too absorbed in his theme to be careful of little tricks to win his hearers is the one who in the end does win them. Is it not true that those who are oblivious of public opinion are the ones who in the end make it?

The church has a tremendous agency for the making of public opinion in its pulpits. Millions of people go there every Sunday to hear—what? If that which they hear is intelligently designed by a teaching ministry to develop better people and a better order of society, in the course of time public opinion will be thereby informed and influenced. The process will be hastened as the church increasingly provides forums and classes for the discussion of proposed improvements and needed transformations in human institutions.

But to influence mankind in the great decisions now pending concerning war or peace, profit or service, the church must needs raise up prophets as well as teachers. It may be that the church will produce and set aside a specially qualified and trained preaching order to supplement the educational work of the regular pulpits, paid from a general fund and so responsive to no particular influence. Such men could be sent through the length and breadth of the land to tell men that the acquisitive society is of the devil and cannot continue, to challenge them to develop the Beloved Community wherein God dwells.

Also it must be remembered that there is no preaching quite so powerful as the deed, and that the evangel of deed reaches its climax in suffering and sacrifice. The churches want a warless world. Their official propaganda says so. How badly do they want it? Suppose the Federal Council of Churches, or the House of Bishops, or any other religious conclave of elders, should now meet and withdraw the Christian sanction from war by declaring they would never again take any part in it or give it any aid! Would this be news? It would not end war, but would it influence public opinion?

Suppose that war being in prospect, with its inevitable revival of the Selective Service and Espionage Acts, any one of these bodies should say, "When war is declared we shall advise our members in regard to the provisions of these acts that civil disobedience is a religious duty." Would the state halt in its ways? Suppose it went on and, like the apostles, the members of the Federal Council of Churches or the House of Bishops found themselves in jail for obeying God rather than men? Would public opinion be affected?

Suppose a similar thing happened to a body of preachers who insisted upon preaching in any one of the several strike areas where the right of free speech has been withdrawn from all citizens by martial law sustained by the courts, or from a part of the citizens by arbitrary action of civil administrators. Could all the publicity of the adherents of the gospel of Mammon influence the public mind as much as the sight of messengers of the Gospel of God willing to stand by their convictions?

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Why Gasoline Is High

By E. C. S.

THE price of gasoline is high because our system of oil exploitation is wasteful and unjust. High prices are a consequence of private ownership of natural resources and the unrestricted right of individual capitalistic exploitation. High prices are not due to any particular personality, nor do they arise from any peculiar rapacity on the part of the Standard Oil companies. The whole problem is one of systems rather than persons. About 40 per cent of the ultimate selling price of gasoline, or *10 cents a gallon,* is due to the wastes and injustices of our method of exploitation.

Three prime factors in the production of crude oil and its products are responsible for this waste. These are:

1. Land royalties and bonuses.
2. Competitive leaseholds and competitive drilling.
3. Financial monopoly.

Our basic policy is that whoever owns the surface owns the oil underground. The landowner usually leases his land to an oil-exploitation company on a royalty basis, i.e., a stipulation to receive one-eighth or more of all the oil produced from his farm. The amount paid in the year 1919 in royalties and rents was $106,458,518, 11 per cent of a product valued at $931,793,423. In 1919 our production of crude oil was 377,719,000 barrels; in 1923 it will be over 600,000,000 barrels. Prices are about the same. Our contribution in royalty for 1923 will therefore be at least $1 a barrel on the approximately 150,000,000 barrels of gasoline to be manufactured. This amounts to about 2½ cents per gallon of gasoline. In addition some $50,000,000 of royalty will be capitalized by those exploiting companies fortunate enough to own their oil lands in fee simple. This will equal about 1 cent more a gallon, or a total on account of royalties of 3½ cents.

This is not all. There remains another imposition from the land system—land bonuses. Land which it is believed will prove highly prolific commands not only royalty and rent, but also a bonus or an initial consideration paid for the right to exploit under the standard form of lease. No one will dispute an average bonus cost of 15 cents per barrel, or on 600,000,000 barrels $90,000,000, which with interest and profits at 20 per cent equals $108,000,000, or almost two cents per gallon of gasoline.

The idea of private ownership, together with the further idea of the right of the producer to operate with unbridled initiative, has led to an oil-field development which is wasteful in the extreme: the system of competitive leaseholds and competitive drilling. Oil deposits recognize no property lines. Also, within certain limits of distance, oil is a drainable resource; your neighbor's well establishes lines of flowage to it, and, unless you retaliate, your oil is likely politely to cross your property line and be expelled from your neighbor's well. In short, it is a case of competitive drainage, with the devil taking the hindmost.

Our land system does everything possible to aggravate this situation, and our laws do little or nothing to relieve it. The main source of return to the farmer is his fractional royalty of the oil produced. Naturally he is insistent on having the production from his farm reach a maximum. To safeguard his interest, there is generally written into the oil lease the commercial offset clause which compels the exploiter to drill a well opposite any commercially productive one on an adjacent farm. The result is that almost every oil field in the United States is tremendously overdeveloped. The Mexia (Texas) oil field consists of about 1,000 productive acres. Up to August, 1922, some 540 productive wells had been drilled, an average of one to less than every two acres. One well to every six acres would have been the maximum the technical conditions would justify.

Of the 20,000 wells which will be drilled in this country during 1923 at least one in every five will be superfluous. These wells average in cost about $30,000, so that this waste will be about $120,000,000, which, capitalized for profits, amounts to $144,000,000, almost 2½ cents per gallon of gasoline.

In addition, the cumulative effect of such development over a period of years must be reckoned with. These unnecessary wells require the same labor attendance, the same pumping powers, the same tubing, repairs, etc., as the necessary wells, and thus enhance operating costs for 1923 at least 5 cents per barrel on 600,000,000 barrels—$30,000,000, or ½ cent per gallon of gasoline.

No effective legislation has been passed to relieve this obviously wasteful condition. The maximum action has been the appointment of State railroad commissions which in time of extreme congestion can prohibit the drilling of a well until facilities are provided, but have no power to prescribe the proper spacing of the wells, which is the crux of the whole matter.

The vicious system of exploitation above described, producing as it does either a feast or a famine, has put an exceptionally large premium on financial strength. The investment banker, quick to realize his chance, has successfully grasped the opportunity, and the result is the Standard Oil companies. These companies are simply the product of the meeting of two systems: one, our land system; the other, our financial system. The Standard Oil companies feed on the chaos engendered by the land system and, due to their control of investment funds, prevent others from sharing the spoils. In this way the petroleum industry is nicely divided into two houses: the House of Have, the Standard Oil companies, well organized, with enormous banking reserves, unimpeachable financial connections, and a restrictive control over investment funds; and the House of Want, the independents, unorganized, with no financial reserves, with none or second-rate banking associates, and such associates dominated by the Standard banks.

The Standard turns this financial control to advantage in four principal ways: (a) Purchase of flush production at low price, (b) manipulation of crude and refined inventories over long swings, (c) seasonal manipulation of refined oil inventories, (d) reduction in cost of raw material due to financial stability, loans, etc.

Under the land system described there is always overdrilling and overdevelopment in a newly discovered oil pool. Transportation facilities and buyers are at a premium. The Standard companies furnish the facilities, purchase the oil —and get the premium. This is the root of the Standard control; it is the ever-ready buyer of raw material, at its price. The independents are never so situated.

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Through its financial connections the Standard is in a position to direct its purchases of crude and refined oil with extreme finesse as regards the long price-swings. In 1914 the Prairie Oil and Gas Company purchased high-grade crude at from 40 to 80 cents per barrel and filled its tank farms with this cheap oil which it liquidated during the war at from $2.25 to $3.50 per barrel. The profit on this one turnover must have been close to $100,000,000. At the present time, with our stocks the greatest in history (about 400,000,000 barrels, almost all held by the Standard), oil has gone up 50 cents per barrel.

The oil business is highly seasonal; gasoline, the chief product, is much more easily sold in summer than in winter. Consequently, inadequately financed refiners sacrifice their product in the winter months. This the Standard willingly buys and stores. Inasmuch as there is regularly an increase in the stock of gasoline from autumn to spring of some 500,000,000 gallons, and inasmuch as the wholesale price is regularly four to five cents higher in summer than in winter, the profits can easily be realized.

The crude producer usually works on a shoe-string basis, and he requires a ready and reliable cash market for his oil, and often loans. These the Standard regularly affords. As a result of this service the Standard companies save up to 25 cents a barrel in their purchases of crude oil. When it is remembered that the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, which is only one of the Standard purchasers, buys about 100,000,000 barrels of oil per year, this profit can also be estimated. The aggregate of the various profits due to the Standard's financial control is probably not less than $100,000,000 a year or more than 1½ cents per gallon on gasoline.

Taken together we have, then, on account of our system of oil exploitation, the following charges upon the consumer for every gallon of gasoline that he uses: 3½ cents for royalties, 2 cents for land bonuses, 2½ cents for drilling unnecessary wells, ½ cent for operating them, 1½ cents for the Standard's financial control; a total of 10 cents.

Until we change our philosophy of exploitation, we can do little or nothing toward reducing the price of gasoline.

These United States—XXXII*

WEST VIRGINIA: A Mine-Field Melodrama

By JAMES M. CAIN

ROUGH mountains rise all about, beautiful in their bleak ugliness. They are hard and barren, save for a scrubby, whiskery growth of trees that only half conceal the hard rock beneath. Yet they have their moods. On gray days they lie heavy and sullen, but on sunny mornings they are dizzy with color: flat canvases painted in gaudy hues; here and there tiny soft black pines showing against a cool, blue sky. At night, if the moon shines through a haze, they hang far above you, dim outlines of smoke; you could throw a stone right through them. They are gashed everywhere with water courses, roaring rivers, and bubbling creeks. Along these you plod, a crawling midge, while ever the towering mountains shut you in. Now and then you top a ridge and look about. Miles and miles of billowing peaks, miles and miles of color softly melting into color. Bright yellows and reds give way to greens and misty grays, until they all fade into faint lavender and horizon blue. . . . A setting for a Nibelungen epic, revealing instead a sordid melodrama.

A melodrama where men carry pistols, often in leather holsters, and wear big black felt hats of the kind affected by the late William Frederick Cody. Where they give each other three-fingered handshakes, and slips of paper pass from palm to palm. Where hoarsely whispered plots are met by counterplots, and detective agencies flourish. Where personal differences are settled by guns, and letters taken from bodies designate persons by initials and numbers. Where the most casual visitor is a myster'us stranger. Where murder, dynamiting, arson, and insurrection are the usual order of the day and night. In brief, where life is a silly hodge-podge of two-gun heroes, find-the-papers villains, and sweaty mysteries—a peanut-and-hisses melodrama of coal.

For it is coal that has brought about this state of affairs. In West Virginia it is the staff of life. The State is a huge layer cake, hacked into grotesque slices by the elements; the slices are the mountains, the layers are rock, and the filling is coal. Coal, coal, coal; everywhere coal. On one side of the creek, away up the slope, you see the blue-black streak; on the other side, the same distance up, you see the same streak. The seams run for miles, jumping across rivers and creeks, now broken by some convulsion an eternity ago, now tilted at crazy angles, but for the most part flat, thick, regular, and rich. Railroads, indispensable adjunct of mining, run beside every creek. A grimy structure of steel, a ribbon of shining rails right up the mountain side, a smudge of black dust, a monotonous grinding and clanking, and you are at a tipple. It is coal on which a third of the population depends directly for its living; it is coal on which probably another third depends indirectly. It is coal that has converted the State into one great pockwork of mines.

The coal development, however, is relatively recent. Only in the two closing decades of the last century was it of much importance; the richest fields of all are scarcely twenty years old. Before that, the State was a sort of wilderness, carved out of the backwoods of Virginia in the turmoil of the Civil War. Indigenous to it was a unique type of human being, the mountaineer. Here and there he survives today, and in spite of his baffling idiosyncrasies, is a most lovable person. If you have won his regard, he will take you into his home and seat you before his rude fireplace as the guest of honor. He will listen with respect to your discourse, and entertain you with homely comment of his own. He speaks a quaint language. It recalls an America that is fast passing, the America of the cross-roads schoolhouse and the cabin in the hills—with echoes of James Fenimore Cooper, and a forgotten

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generation of leather-shirted woodsmen. It uses "ary" and "nary," "cayn't" for "can't," "hayn't" for "hasn't"; "done" and "done been" with verbs, instead of "have" and "had"; it has odd words peculiar to itself: "swag" for a small marsh; and retains words long discarded in other parts of the world: "poke" for bag; a "panther" is still a "paynter." It is spoken with a plaintive drawl, gentle and unassertive. A language arresting and attractive, pathetically and insistently American. That, probably, is because this mountaineer who speaks it is one of the oldest and purest American types extant. He drifted westward with the migration of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and finding habitable creek bottoms, loitered by the wayside, while his more energetic brethren pushed on to the Ohio River and the West. For a century he stayed here, and raised a few hogs, and corn for hominy, and carried on a small traffic in illicit whiskey. He was his own law, and his rifle was his last court of appeal. As time went on he and his kind interbred, the strain grew weaker and weaker, and he developed unusual ideas and customs. Personal grudges obsessed him. He nursed them for years, and prosecuted them with his rifle, until the outside world began to hear of strange feuds, such as the one between the Hatfields and the McCoys, that arose from trivial and incomprehensible causes. Whole families were exterminated in these feuds, and the rifle came forward with more and more sinister prominence in the West Virginia scheme of things.

About all this was the flavor of a queer, half-savage code, a *cavalleria montagnola* that was at least picturesque. Then came coal and the ever-advancing railroads. Mining companies bought the hillside cabin and dispossessed its lodger. The gaunt mountaineer, waiting for days, rifle on knees, eyes starry with hate, until his enemy should come up the creek bottom, was forced inevitably to enter the coal bank and toil for his living. Moreover, his new masters took leaves out of his own book and used them against him. They adopted the law of the rifle themselves. They hired armed gentry to watch him and police him and curtail his liberties. They told him where to go to church and where to send his children to school. They told him what he must take for his labor, how much he must pay for his food, and where he must buy it. Lastly, they told him what organizations he might join, and those that he must not join; prominent among the latter were labor unions. In vain he arose in his wrath. He oiled his rifle, but there was no dignity in it. He swore his vendettas against the mine guards, but the old heroic venom was gone. He killed his man, and it was a blowsy murder. He had brought all his former stage trappings, and they had become tawdry overnight. He was degraded, a serf: the Last of the Mohicans turned tourists' cook.

This was the condition of the mountaineer-miner when the United Mine Workers of America undertook to strike off his shackles. In this valiant enterprise the union was also strengthening its own position, for by the early years of the present century its pristine security in the Central Competitive Field was being threatened seriously by the growth on all sides of large non-union fields, and the largest of these was West Virginia. So it set about organizing the State. It was repulsed with medieval ferocity by the operators, who could make more money if they didn't have to pay the union scale. But it kept on, and eventually gained a membership of a few thousand. And to the occasional whisperings and shootings in the mining camp there was added a new and bigger kind of plotting. The union soon saw that the mine-guard system was the main bar to its organization; if the guards persistently ejected union organizers, there wasn't much hope of getting very far. So the mine guards quickly became anathema to all union miners; they were dubbed thugs, and took their places as permanent members of the cast, upstage, right, striding scowlishly about slapping their holsters while the trembling miner signed the open-shop agreement. . . . The first phase of the union's fight came to an end in 1912 and 1913, with strikes on Paint and Cabin Creeks, and three hundred guards imported by the companies, some of whom didn't get out alive. In all, nearly two score men lost their lives in those strikes, and people began to take gunplay and dynamiting for granted.

In 1918, the union, through a political deal, was allowed to organize the Fairmont field. By securing this territory and consolidating in the central part of the State, it pushed its membership to some fifty thousand. But ever the coal frontier receded past the horizon, and now southern West Virginia was mining enough coal to undermine the union power—to render any national strike largely ineffective. The southern part of the State was a big non-union stronghold, with the mine-guard system functioning perfectly. It embraced Mingo, Logan, McDowell, Raleigh, Mercer, and Wyoming counties. The union tackled Logan first—in 1919.

As usual, it met with armed resistance. Here was a mine-guard system, paid by coal operators, its main duty to eject union organizers. Its guards were invested with all the majesty of the law; they were deputy sheriffs of the county, duly sworn in under the Logan high sheriff, Don Chafin, who directed their activities and paid them out of a pool assessed against the operators. Mr. Chafin's deputies did their work thoroughly, and soon a wail drifted down the stage, over the Guyon Ridge: "They're a-murderin' the women an' children!" This is a very important line in the West Virginia libretto. It is always the cue for the big scene, of which more in a moment. So far as I know the deputies have never murdered any women or children, but art is art, and it is a good line. Why sacrifice it? Taking their cue, the union miners to the north assembled at a place called Marmet, within a dozen miles of Charleston, the State capital, and marched about a thousand strong on Logan. Then ensued the spectacle of the Governor of the State, John J. Cornwell, hoisting the gubernatorial robes aboard a wagon, beseeching the miners to go home, promising an investigation, and finally threatening troops. The miners went home, and their effort was abortive. But the West Virginian, a regular attendant at Western feature films and a diligent student of the Pluck and Luck series, had noted the possibilities of the scene.

So all energies were bent toward a successful staging of the great drama. The operators hired extra guards and howled defiance at the union. The union girded its loins, counted its money, and swore loudly that might should not conquer right. It sent its organizers into Mingo. A number of camps were organized. The union demanded recognition; the operators refused it. The union called its men out on strike; the operators evicted the strikers. As fast as the operators evicted them the union put them in tents. Guerrilla warfare broke out. There were massacres, ten men being killed in a battle at Matewan. The operators set spies to watch the miners and the miners pot-shotted

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the operators' witnesses. Plots were hatched by the dozen and card indices were needed to keep track of vendetta oaths. Federal troops were called in twice. The new Governor, E. F. Morgan, declared martial law, and the military commandant began clapping union men in jail. Finally, two union sympathizers, Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers, as the result of a quasi-official feud, were shot down at Welch, and this, with heavy mutterings and threatenings sounding to the north, rang down the curtain on Act I—in August, 1921.

When Act II opened, two weeks later, union miners were assembling again at Marmet for another march. They gnashed their teeth and gritted they would redress their wrongs and stop further outrages. This time the plan was to march through Logan, kill Don Chafin on the way, continue to Mingo, liberate prisoners in its jail, nullify martial law, and proclaim liberty and justice once more in the land. For days they gathered and the press of the country screamed their purpose far and wide. Then they started, and as they swung down the road to Racine they sang:

> Hang Don Chafin to the sour-apple tree,
> Hang Don Chafin to the sour-apple tree,
> Hang Don Chafin to the sour-apple tree,
> As we go marching on!

They were halted once when their president addressed them at Madison. They threatened to hang him to a baseball grandstand, but they went home—at least, most of them did. Some of them stayed, commandeered a train and played with that—and waited. They didn't wait in vain. Down at Sharples, in Logan County, there came a clash between union miners and a party of Logan deputies and State police, coming, 250 strong, to serve warrants—at midnight (*sh! sh! sh!*). Two miners were killed. Then came the long-delayed cue that had been holding up the show: "They're a-murderin' the women and children!" The miners reassembled, eight thousand strong. They flung out battle lines and donned red brassards. They gave out a password.

"Who's there?" whispered the sentries.

"I come creepin'," replied the miners, *misterioso*.

"Pass," said the sentries.

They drilled around the schoolhouse at Blair, while coal-company officials, powerless for the moment, snooped faithfully and took notes in memorandum books. Meanwhile the miners were bringing in truck-loads of food, rifles, machine-guns, and ammunition, and presently preparations were complete for the grand offensive.

On the other side of the ridge all was buzzing action too. Don Chafin issued a call for volunteers, and several thousand sprang forward ready to die for Logan County. He imported four airplanes. Then arrived a lord defender of the realm, appointed in this emergency by the Governor. He came, he saw, he took command. He addressed his troops and told them to advance not on these misguided miners, but to retreat not a single step. In the stilly night he had trenches dug. He filled the airplanes with bombs. All now being in readiness, both sides entered their positions and shot at each other for three days. The airplanes zoomed and dropped bombs on the rocks. The machine guns went *put, put, put;* the rifle fire never ceased. The noise was superb. On the fourth day a regiment of Federal troops came—and everybody else went home. It was the best second act that had ever been staged, and was marred by only one unpleasant event. Three men were killed. It is true they were killed in a purely accidental encounter between scouting parties, but the incident shows that great care must be exercised in the future if this march is to become a permanent institution in West Virginia, as it now promises to be. . . .

You arise in your seat. Stay. There is another act, the great courtroom scene.

Hardly had the last miner handed his gun in than the Logan County grand jury met in special session. It indicted whole pay rolls. It indicted for murder, conspiracy, and unlawful assembly. Then it rested, met in regular session, and indicted some more. It met yet again, and to the hundreds of indictments already found, it added a score or so for treason. And so, in a few months, after a change of venue had been granted, court opened to try these cases. The court sat in the same room at Charles Town where John Brown had been convicted of treason, and oddly enough, the first case called was a treason case. Defendants and witnesses appeared by the hundreds. State police paraded in front of the courthouse carrying big pistols, and a lieutenant of State police got arrested and locked in the town hoose-gow for getting saucy with the town constable. Witnesses told gory stories for a month. Lawyers orated. Foamy spittle flew hither and yon, and flecked the coats of the jury. The first treason defendant was acquitted, but in the next month two miners were convicted of murder. Then another treason trial; the defendant was convicted and sentenced to ten years. By now the pastoral community of Charles Town was so rent with the controversy that it was impossible to get a jury. The trials were removed, once to Berkeley Springs, and yet again to Lewisburg.

Thus life in West Virginia in this year 1923. In addition to the big show there are innumerable little shows. In all the coal counties the plots, the vendettas, the murders, and the trials go on incessantly. The Federal court at Charleston is a never-ending round of restraining orders, injunctions, and citations for contempt. The sterile conflict overshadows and paralyzes everything else. Before it the State government is impotent. The State police, organized bona fide to enforce the law, are animated by no maturer ideal than to posture as moving-picture editions of the Canadian Mounted, i. e., to wear pretty uniforms, carry pistols, and growl sidewise that they always get their man. They are now quite as detested as the mine guards; the miners call them the "Governor's Cossacks," and charge openly that they are on the side of the operators.

The bustling little inner-loop-outer-loop cities are but centers where gossip is exchanged and new plots hatched. Their weekly luncheon clubs are but debating societies devoted to denying the conflict. Their newspapers are degraded win-an-auto sheets whereof every other writer is in the pay of one side or the other. The activities of the State university, with its farmers' short courses and summer camps for girls, whatever their actual merit, seem innocuous and pointless while the banging of the guns echoes and reechoes. Culture is at a standstill; the only theaters are movies that show five-reel shooting features; there are no libraries, no concerts.

The conflict mars also what might stand forth as achievement. For in these mountains industry is organized on a gigantic scale. To see it is to get the feeling of it: the great iron machinery of coal and oil, the never-ending railroads and strings of black steel cars, groaning and creaking

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toward destination. A plume of smoke "down the holler" and a locomotive comes stealing around the bend. You are drawn close to these big inanimate things. The locomotive ceases to be a terrifying pile of steam jets and puffing, and becomes "she"; you lean affectionately against her as you swap talk with the engineer and spit familiarly on her wheels. There is crude outdoor poetry about it. Similarly to the north. Thousands of acres of orchards grow incredible quantities of apples, which are stored in warehouses redolent of fruity perfumes and shipped to far places of the earth. But this is all enchanting for what it suggests, not for what it is. Back of it all are always the scowling and muttering that spoil it.

Futile indeed seems the $50,000,000 road program that is to civilize the State. For ever recurs the question: Is the State civilizable? The answer is not apparent yet. Possibly it would be well to remember that this new West Virginia of great enterprises is still quite young. It may have a touch of industrial indigestion. Or its malady may be more grave. Give it a century or so. Then possibly it will shoot the pianist and call for a new score.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation *of July 11, will be Oklahoma: Low Jacks and the Crooked Game, by Burton Rascoe.*

The Socialist International as an Outsider Saw It

By CONSTANCE L. TODD

Berlin, May 29

IN a land where sheer terror of the future lies just below the surface of the general prevalent anxiety, where all but a handful of the population are shabby, where no one in the producing classes has quite enough to eat, where babies have had to learn to do without whole milk, and children without butter and almost without meat, the Youth Movement alone is undismayed. You see the young people by the thousands in the country roads on any Sunday or holiday, boys and girls, without hats and frequently without stockings, for here one learns quickly the difference between essentials and non-essentials in dress. They walk for miles with packs on their backs, singing, vigorous, unafraid. You feel as you watch them from the train window that if there is hope that the world may yet be pulled back to sanity, Youth in this guise will be the motive power.

And it was just this spirit of courageous achieving youth that was absent from the Hamburg meeting, May 21-25. Those who feel disappointment in what the recent meeting did and failed to do must bear in mind that it marked the reuniting of the Socialist forces which had split into the Second and the Second-and-a-Half—an achievement important in itself. But the Third International is of course Communist and predominantly Russian, a thing definitely apart. The Communists were as remote from this meeting as the Monarchists themselves, except that their smiling and gently ironical reporters were to be found in the gallery along with other outsiders such as the regular press associations, correspondents from American labor papers, and *The Nation*. The press table in the front of the hall was reserved for orthodox Socialist representatives.

That the most crucial situations in Europe today center around Russia and reparations, that Russia must be recognized as a *de jure* government and left, unmolested, to work out the logical sequence of her revolution, that the French occupation of the Ruhr must be withdrawn and reparations recognized only as a debt from those who were guilty to those who were injured—these, I think, would fairly represent the opinions of the American Socialists today. And the practical details of how to bring about these results would seem to be the most important of the matters to be discussed at the International. The American Socialist may denounce the American Communist as the disrupter of the radical movement, a person to be defended only when he runs foul of a throttling law. But America is safely 3,000 miles from the threat and throes of revolution and counter-revolution in the midst of which Europe has lived for five years. In Europe one may not conjure with words and names of things alone. It is a question of practical achievement—of which of the warring camps of radicals has absorbed the ability, the strategic insight, the courage, and the zeal of those who wish to see the world run in the interests of the workers. And five days of proceedings at Hamburg left one with the feeling that it was not here.

It was a gathering of parliamentary elderly minded people, women as well as men, cautious and polite. There were some excellent, sincere speeches. There were eloquent speeches. The French were generous in their repudiation of French nationalist aims; the speech of Leon Blum of the Chamber of Deputies was notable. The British, led by Arthur Henderson, were vigorous in their denunciation of the British threat to break off trade relations with Russia. The Congress as a whole went through the motions and uttered the words. What was missing was the all-important sense that these two disrupted factions in reuniting wanted also to draw into some sort of accord with the Third International to face the common enemies of imperialism and militarism.

The home of the new international is to be London, and it has a name this time instead of a number. It is called the Labor and Socialist International, which may suggest something to Mr. Gompers, especially since its chief executives are members neither of the Socialist nor of the Independent Labor Party.

Of the measures passed the only one not routine and orthodox for such a gathering was the last (the text of which appears in the International Relations Section). The first section of this was unanimously adopted, although it incorporates a reference to reparations as "a debt which the masses of the German people recognize."

But it was the second half of the resolution over which there was most difference of opinion. Here was an emphatic reproof to the Soviet Government for the error of its ways, a lesser emphasis on the protest against intervention, and an almost casual suggestion for the immediate recognition of the Soviet Government. The British delegation, to their eternal credit, refused to vote at all on this measure.

And then, taking no part in the regular proceedings but holding their meetings at the same time, were the Youth of the Socialist Party, and here one found refreshment. There was discussion of educational questions not on a basis of what the older generation wanted to give them, but of what they proposed to have. Here discussion was confined to what was to be destroyed and what built up.

"What you have been unable to do," cried one youngster, addressing the parents, "we shall achieve!" And the spectator looked for but found no conscious irony in his words.

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Business and Light

By M. H. HEDGES

BENEATH the romantic exterior of modern business one readily detects the hard, cold center, call it soul or no-soul; behind the sentimental coloring given its operations by such phrases as the "Religion of Business," or the "Romance of Business," one soon finds its real nature: a device for applying the jungle law of the survival of the fittest to wider and wider zones. When one comes, therefore, to a business like the Franklin Cooperative Creamery in Minneapolis one may be pardoned if he is surprised to find the foregoing formula oddly reversed. Despite its atmosphere of brisk activity, its air of exuberant getting-on, its newly varnished look, and its militant tone of fresh success, the Franklin Cooperative is at heart a sentimental institution founded on a vision as tenuous as the brotherhood of man. And the point is, one sees this obviously as he walks into the door of its new $300,000 model creamery on North Washington Avenue. It is no illusion. The workers are radiantly content. The unbossed somehow look different from the bossed.

The Franklin Cooperative Creamery is a $1,000,000 business owned by 6,100 stockholders, and by many thousand more consumers. It is the largest cooperative creamery in America and the second largest in the world, though in its infancy, for it is only two years old. Its only rival is the Maelkonet Enigbeden in Copenhagen, twenty-five years old. It has just achieved a $3,000,000 a year volume of business, and forced its powerful private competitors into a rival coalition. It now operates two stations—one built two years ago following a lockout by employers of members of Milk Wagon Drivers' Union, Local No. 471, and the other, as we said, this year. The idea of building a cooperative society had its genesis prior to the lockout. Edward Solom, the business agent of the local, now manager of the huge business, who had had lessons in cooperation in Norway, and also was a student of Danish economic democracy, had sown the seeds of the new institution several months before, and had undertaken to raise money for its establishment. The lockout hastened the materialization of what first seemed only a far objective.

With only $6,000 in the bank, the ground for the new building was broken, more stock was sold, and amidst predictions of failure the new society took form. The Franklin is a consumers' cooperative. Its profits for the eight months of 1921 were divided thus: $24,000 to consumers; $8,000 to stockholders; $4,000 to reserve fund; $1,200 for education. In 1922, with the volume of business greatly increased, the profits were divided as follows: $46,000 to consumers; $32,000 to stockholders; $6,000 to reserve fund; $1,100 to education.

Shares were sold at $100 each, with a limitation of ten to each individual. The society operates on the Rochdale plan, under the one-vote-to-one-shareholder principle. Besides the remanding of profits to the consumer, the society employs union men exclusively, most of whom are stockholders, and pays them commissions. The route men earn more than the officials, in a number of instances, several making $100 a month in excess of the regular $150 salary. These figures tell the story of the society's financial success, yet prosperity is only an incident in—shall we say a foundation for?—the life of the society.

The new creamery just completed, with its white-enameled machinery, its spotless floors, its refrigerating plant, its ice-cream manufactory, its garage nearby housing 150 wagons and trucks, also holds an auditorium capable of seating 800 persons. Here dances are held, concerts given, and meetings of the entire society convened. The Franklin does not have a workers' council. It does better than that. It convenes 300 employees in weekly meetings, not unlike a moot court.

"Would you discharge a man for criticizing the institution adversely?" the manager was asked.

"No, sir, we welcome criticism from our employees."

"Would you discharge an employee for carrying information to the rival Northland corporation?"

"No, sir, the Northland, or the public, or anyone else is welcome to know all about us. We want them to know," the manager explained.

"For what would you discharge a man?"

"For staying away from meetings week after week."

Is this crass business of bottling and distributing milk touched with evangelical fire, and does it, like the church, demand faithful attendance on the part of its communicants?

The society is the possessor of an extensive library which is being enriched with new acquisitions. Here are Frederic Howe's "Denmark: A Cooperative Commonwealth," Scott Nearing's "American Empire," Thorstein Veblen, and other iconoclastic thinkers in the field of economics. The books are used. The society has also conducted a number of courses in cooperation. One feels that within the walls of this modern business reposes a center of social culture. Here is self-respect. "The milkman is the child's best friend, next to the parents," is a philosophy believed. The standard of milk in Minneapolis rose appreciably with the advent of the Franklin. When the railway shopmen's strike was at its height, milk went daily to the families free or on easy credit.

Who shall be the judge of a business, the employee or the owner? This is what a few of the employee-owners say of their business:

> There is a general atmosphere of good feeling and good fellowship which is due to the fact that we are as one, working together—an institution of the working people, by the working people, and for the working people. . . .
>
> While at the Franklin every employee is working for his own interest and knows that every brother is doing the same; also that profits gained by his toil are not going to tear down his standard of wage and living for his family, and that to regain his loss he won't have to stand on a picket line while thousands of babies are doing without milk.
>
> The so-called captains of industry have always told the workers that they couldn't run a business of their own and do it successfully, and there is a certain pleasure and keen delight in showing them they are wrong as usual.

In this brash, cynical age, when men are skeptical of institutions and most of all of men as social agents, the Franklin Cooperative Creamery Association calls attention anew to the power of the cooperative—the affirming, the constructive—idea over men's minds. Two years ago these 300 employees, who are now part owners of a $1,000,000 business, were milk drivers holding insecure, wage-earning positions. Today they are masters of their own business, free men, content. They are not new men. They are the same men. They have just given their energies a new direction.

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Junk

By STUART CHASE

I AM convinced that up to this month of May, in the year of our Lord 1923, all philosophy, all theology, all ethics and moral science, most sociology, all political science, the greater part of history, most economics, most law and pedagogics, and a large part of psychology—foot up to just so much junk.

Junk. I use the word advisedly. Scraps and refuse and odds and ends. Maybe good for a little tinkering and patching; maybe a wholesome release of energy for those who formulated it, but in the end quite unworthy of a serious man's attention. These are the sciences, so-called, which deal with human behavior and conduct, both individual and social. Over against them are the sciences which deal with matter and energy—physics, chemistry, astronomy, biology, engineering, and the rest. The latter have proved themselves sciences in every sense of the term. We stand hat in hand before that great body of verifiable data and cautiously tested conclusions which distinguish the physical sciences. Here we have seen the black borders of man's ignorance recede year by year, almost day by day. Here we *know*, where once we bungled and guessed.

Compare the packed, balanced knowledge of a linotype press with the knowledge bound up in the books which it throws off—books on philosophy and morals and politics. On the one hand an almost divine articulation of mechanical theory and cleverly wrought steel to a tangible end, which, here, there, and everywhere always works—always can be depended upon to work. On the other hand a gassy stew of dogmatic opinions supported by references to the dogmatic opinions of the classicists. In these books we find whole chapters spent in defining "the absolute," "the true," "the good," "value"—words which are by their very nature indefinable.

In fact the human sciences are the happy hunting ground of what have been called "short-hand" words. Children and peasants use words which connote things, or simple emotions. They talk in long-hand. Intellectuals, bored with the labor of saying things long-hand, have invented a whole dictionary of short-hand words which tie up in one bundle a greater or lesser assortment of long-hand things. There is a certain necessary economy in this—but also a grave danger. Thus it is easier to say "the public" than to give a census enumeration beginning with Mr. Aaron. But when we go further and come to use the word "public" in a trilogy with the words "capital" and "labor"—as is the habit with all our best minds today—it is to drain it of all sense and meaning. Consider the mutilations of such short-hand words as "democracy," "liberty," "morality," "free speech," "individualism," "human nature," "spiritual," "the Anglo-Saxon race," "the consumer," "metaphysical," "Wall Street." Carefully circumscribed these words often have a function, but hurled around as is their wont in the human sciences, they tend to reduce any honest truth-seeker to insanity.

Think of the books which have been written in defense of "individualism." Think of the learned postulates which have been laid down as to "enlightened selfishness," the property instinct, the natural competitive man with his nose in the wind, the rights and the wrongs of charging all the traffic will bear, the savior-like attributes of the entrepreneur. Meanwhile the modern behavioristic psychologists, who are in the birth-throes of creating a genuine science, tell us that no one knows what is the original nature of man, nor where the line is to be drawn between his inherited instincts and his acquired habits.

The scribes and the doctors have repeatedly shown courage and pertinacity in tackling the science of man. But the naked fact remains that despite all their courage and pertinacity, hardly a ray of light has been shed to date on this incomparable darkness. No savior has come in the human sciences, as Bacon came to break the dead hand of Aristotle and the Schoolmen in the physical sciences. Bacon and his followers junked the erudition of two thousand years. But the Schoolmen still reign in the humanities. We know little more of what we are, how we act, what we ought to do, how we ought to govern, what we ought to believe, how we ought to behave, than did the builders of the pyramids—than did the Cro-Magnard man.

All the philosophies, and all the statesmanship, and all the religions, and all the systems of education, and all the moral doctrines—junk. Useless to me, useless to you, and, Oh the pity of it, useless to our children. Hardly a word of sound advice have we to give our children as to how to know, or enjoy, or live. From their bright faces and eager hands we can, if we are honest, only turn away in silence and in unutterable sorrow. For how can there be a science of human conduct when a world war can in a few years destroy thirty million lives, and leave a whole continent racked in anguish? When millions of unemployed fill our streets because of "over-production"? When, with a productive capacity abundant to feed, clothe, and house our population, a full half of the people of America live below the minimum budget of health and decency? When blind luck is the chief arbiter of property? When beauty in art and in living is the one thing which these United States will not tolerate? When schools succeed only in breaking and enchaining the curiosity and the fineness of youth? When no man knows when the next world war with its poison gases will break and engulf him?

Can there be such a thing as a science of human conduct when there is no unanimity of opinion by sensible men the world around as to how people ought to act in given critical conditions? When it comes to building a cantilever bridge, we find an almost perfect unanimity everywhere. When it comes to organizing a government we find practically no unanimity anywhere. Consider the millions of people who passionately believe that man is born in sin; the millions who believe that there is a personal life hereafter; the millions who bow with supreme conviction before an hereditary ruler; the millions who affirm democracy without knowing what it means; the fatalistic hordes of Islam, the spiritualists, the Billy Sundays, the "superman" shouters, the utopists, the equalitarians, and the invincible believers in class superiority—a wild, winter sea of conflicting opinion created and maintained on an almost complete absence of competent data.

Is the problem insoluble? Is mankind forever to be denied the possibility of learning enough about itself to come to terms with its environment—to blot out a great margin of the pain and the servitude and the degradation which now engulfs it?

There are no data with which to answer this question. We have no ordered knowledge of the potentiality of man-

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kind for effective cooperation. We do not even know whether it is good for man to be happy. Libraries of books have been written denying even this hope. The only thing we do know is that some of our children, and our children's children, will go on working for a more tolerable social life. Nothing but a comet can stop an energetic minority of men and women from speculating about human behavior.

And here is the crux of the whole matter. Does the fact that all such speculation hitherto has proved to be well-nigh worthless necessitate a mounting junk pile in the future? Has our invincible ignorance been due entirely to the difficulty of the problem, or has it been due in part at least to the method of attack? Why is it that we can work out a theory of relativity, or soar in the air for eight hours in a motorless plane, and not know whether an economic socialism or an economic capitalism is psychologically the sounder? And not know anything about incentives to produce in a cooperative society; or what machinery is doing to human nature; or why we are over-sexed; or how it is possible for different races to get on together; or how far individual freedom of action is conditioned by habits; or what is the relative effect of heredity and environment; or whether work is a psychological necessity; or how widespread is the will to create; or whether there are any sound historical analogies; or if there is such a thing as public opinion; or what are men's economic wants; or whether there is any biological sanction for monogamic marriage; or how to abolish war?

My guess is that we have adopted an objective, trial-and-error method in the case of the airplane, and a subjective, dogmatic method in the case of human behavior. For the latter we have gone to words about things instead of to the things themselves. We have cited dead soothsayers, and dealt in second-hand prejudices, instead of examining the original documents. We have developed a celestial game of pure ideology.

There is a man named Watson who is patiently trying to analyze human behavior in something the same fashion as the Wright brothers analyzed the currents of the air. I am hoping that he may some day found a conclusion on data adequate enough for me to give it to my son. He is only a symbol for a widening group which is undertaking to junk the wisdom of the ages. Conduct based on divine guidance and internal light and sheer intellectualization has brought the world where it finds itself today. And at least conduct based on trained observation and scientific analysis can do no worse.

John Brown's Grave

By DON C. SEITZ

Near Lake Placid
Where the pointed hills
Marked with gray granite,
Like that which form'd his soul,
Touch tenderly
The mists from cloudland,
John Brown
Sleeps in his grave
Beside a path
Worn by unshackled feet
Of black pilgrims—
Freed only of chains!

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has produced radishes. They are not very big radishes, but they are very red; and somehow they have come to crisp maturity amid the bits of broken bottles and decomposing bricks which make up the soil of a typical New York back yard. The literary editor of *The Nation*, having heard the Drifter boast of his vegetables, asked the Drifter's advice about reviewing Mrs. Duryea's volume "Gardens In and About Town," which Mr. Dutton has just published in a binding reminiscent of a bed of gray-green sedum bordered by scarlet salvia.

* * * * *

SO the Drifter took the book home with him and, seating himself beside his radishes, began to read. He was tired of fat books about gardens in the country, where the soil is rich and deep, the woods full of ferns, and gardens a matter of course. Here at last was a book upon the back-yard garden. So he thought. He read a few pages with growing anticipation, and then he met a phrase that ruined his pleasure. The book was designed to tell people who were "considering the remodeling of a city house how to complete their remodeling by making a town garden, beautiful to look upon and pleasant to live in." Another book for rich folk! The woman had pleasant ideas about the desirability of flagged walks in a garden, and she understood that lime was the god of the city gardener; she suggested a way of baking home-made flagstones in ten-cent-store tins which the Drifter might try if he did not find it more fascinating to bribe the neighborhood small boys to help him steal flagstones from a construction project just around the corner; and she had some useful thoughts upon the subject of what might and what might not be grown under the city's perpetual rain of soot. But she ruined her book for the Drifter by talk of concrete-lined pools, of expensive brick walls, and of pedestals for garden statuary; she even suggested that there were times when artificial plants might solve difficult problems of decoration!

* * * * *

WHAT the Drifter wants is a book upon the hard-baked back-yard garden for the man who does all his own gardening, and doesn't do very much of that, with a few closing chapters upon the tragic mystery of the window-box. Something that will explain why the Drifter's nasturtiums have been ruined by black aphids, and will console him for the utter failure of the seedman's tobacco spray to replace blight with bloom; something that will dwell lovingly upon the complaisance of the California privet, which graces corners where all else dies; which will tell what, if any, vine would grow against the fence where the Drifter can make nothing survive; which will suggest effective remedies for hungry, prowling cats; which will encourage the Drifter to repeat his faint successes with chrysanthemum and marigold; which will tell what fertilizer to use where the broken bottles outnumber the fragments of bricks, and what where the bricks have things their way; something which, instead of describing gardens on the Thames and at Versailles, will linger fondly upon the glory of a lordly dandelion and the delicacy of a spray of yarrow when they flourish where a benighted city gardener fancied he had planted cosmos and portulacas. Something, too, which would give a philosophical justification

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for the fact that almost all the trees which flourish in New York back yards—the ailanthus, the horse chestnut, the gingko, and the paper mulberry—come from Asia. (Perhaps they learned passive resistance there.) Then the Drifter would like a few suggestions for the desperate city dweller who knows that the soil in his window-boxes is sour but can persuade neither grocer, butcher, plumber, nor electrician to help find new earth; and advice upon geranium culture in tomato-cans. There is a genius in the desolate Gashouse District of New York City who grows magnificent sunflowers and morning-glories in that cindered waste. The Drifter would prefer pictures of his achievements to the photographs of minion-tended gardens in Sutton Place that adorn Mrs. Duryea's pages. That man, the Drifter feels, would appreciate the poetry of his struggle for radishes.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Laws for Working Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your May 23 issue I wrote that the National Woman's Party was not in the "company" of Mrs. Sidney Webb and quoted her letter of April 9 to me, which said in part:

> I am very sorry that I have been so misinterpreted in the U. S. A. I have always supported the regulation of women's work as a good thing in itself. . . . So that you are quite at liberty to say that I am in favor of regulating women's work whether or not the men agree to having similar regulations.

The acting chairman for New York, Mrs. Jane Norman Smith, "assumed" in your issue of June 6 that I had not quoted the whole of Mrs. Webb's letter. The only words left out were: "I hope this will answer your question." She calls for my letter in full. I wrote Mrs. Webb on March 29:

> Great capital is being made in the United States by the National Woman's Party of the fact that you favor protective legislation for men as well as women. But the real question is would you *work to prevent women from getting protective legislation for themselves alone* in the United States, because the men prefer to protect themselves by unions and will not go out for protective legislation for men. In short should the program of the women be made subservient to that of men? Personally I have gathered from your writings that you welcome any advance, but always put forward at the same time your complete program. In the United States our Supreme Court is a serious stumbling block. We have just spent $9,538 in defending the constitutionality of minimum-wage legislation for women. We fear the outcome. If men were included under the laws there would be no hope for a favorable decision. After all we must meet the practical situation. I am sending you under separate cover a copy of the brief. An early answer will be greatly appreciated.

Mr. J. J. Mallon, head of Toynbee Hall, who recently visited America as guest of the National Conference of Social Work, deplored the misinterpretation of Mrs. Webb, his coworker for years. Mr. Mallon said that the feeling in Great Britain ever since the factory acts were first passed nearly one hundred years ago is that, because of their labor organizations, men do not need protection in the same degree as women. The factory acts have been built up from year to year on that basis. They are filled with clauses giving specific protection for women. For example, making ten hours inclusive of meal hours the maximum day's work for women in the non-textiles, and eleven hours inclusive of meal hours in the textiles, whereas men's hours are not restricted.

Minimum-wage boards were first agitated on account of the oppressive wages paid women. The Board of Trade, however, took the view that it was desirable to treat each trade as a whole, and therefore gave wage boards power to deal with men as well as women if they chose to do so. The early wage boards, like the shirtmaking wage board, did not set minimum rates for men. Men did not wish to have the rates applied to them until by experience they learned the value of wage negotiations based on a minimum which the most unscrupulous employer could not undercut.

The second misunderstanding or misinterpretation of the National Woman's Party concerns the position of the delegates to the International Congress of Working Women on the subject of labor laws for women. The congress stands for equal standards for men and women, but equality in standards is not to be interpreted as identity in method of reaching those standards. References to the eight-hour *day* are not necessarily to be read *eight-hour law*—for the reason that men and women both sometimes have the eight-hour day by agreement with employers, and sometimes by law. It is the eight-hour *day* in either case, and the point to recognize is that the goal is more important than uniformity of method in reaching the goal.

The great majority of the delegates to the International Congress of Working Women, contrary to Mrs. Smith's statement, were *in favor* of laws for women independent of whether the same laws apply to men. The only exceptions were the delegates from Norway and Sweden, and Mrs. Kjelsberg of Norway eventually yielded her position because, as she stated, she recognized that conditions in other countries were not the same as in Norway. If any doubt as to the attitude of the International Federation of Working Women exists, it is disposed of by the fact that the fraternal delegate from the working women to the last two congresses of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance—continental women in both instances—argued this question from the floor and prevented the adoption, by women not representative of the working women, of resolutions calling for *identity in method* of labor regulation for women and men. Supported by the American delegation and the majority of the Europeans, the working women's argument prevailed, and the International Woman Suffrage Alliance adopted resolutions declaring in effect for *self-determination for the working women of the respective countries as to the laws affecting the working women of those countries.*

The third misunderstanding is that the National Consumers' League has not always favored a reasonable work day for both men and women. Could the National Consumers' League define its position more clearly than by successfully defending before the Supreme Court of the United States the Oregon ten-hour law applying to "persons"?

New York, June 7

MARY W. DEWSON,
Research Secretary, National Consumers' League

The Turkish Myth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is always disappointing when so admirable a journal as yours gives place and apparent weight to arguments in support of indubitable tyranny, but it is especially so when such arguments are palpably irrelevant and illogical. The article on The Turkish Myth, sponsored by Arthur Moss and Florence Gillian, is the case in point.

Conceive of attempting to speak upon so grave a matter without even the most elementary knowledge of the historic background! *Islamic civilization and the Turk!* Is it possible that anyone who has given thought to this question at all does not know that this great civilization was Arabic or Saracenic; and that on the historic day of Poitiers, 732, to which allusion is made, when "the science, the art, and the civilization of Arabia fell back before the barbarism of the Franks," the Turks were still, as they were for some five or more centuries to come, in the heart of Tartary or Turkestan; and that when they arrived it was not to save or to add to but first to destroy and then to imitate such remnant of this civilization as was left? An impartial and a thorough reading of Mr. Wells, to whom these writers allude, would at least have made this fact

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clear. For on this point he is specific. And even of the Arabs themselves he says (page 636, Vol. II) "the mind of the Arabs blazed out like a star for half a dozen generations after the appearance of Islam, having never achieved anything of importance before or since." And with respect to the Turk versus the Greek (Col. Haskell's barbarians, according to the article), quoting with approval Sir Mark Sykes, Mr. Wells apparently believes (page 124, Vol. II) that

> Constantinople had been the tutor and polisher of the Turks. So long as the Ottomans could draw science, learning, philosophy, art, and tolerance from a living fountain of civilization in the heart of their dominions, so long had the Ottomans not only brute force but intellectual power. So long as the Ottoman Empire had in Constantinople a free port, a market, a center of world finance, a pool of gold, an exchange, so long did the Ottomans never lack financial support. Muhammad was a great statesman; the moment he entered Constantinople he endeavored to stay the damage his ambition had done: he conciliated the Greeks, he did all he could to continue Constantinople the city of the Emperors—but the fatal step had been taken; Constantinople, as the city of the Sultans, was Constantinople no more; the markets died away, the culture and civilization fled, the complex finance faded from sight; and the Turks had lost their governors and support.

In the face of this and of the vast bulk of other historic evidence, is it not really overbold on the part of these apologists to attempt to intrigue your readers into an exactly opposite view? Pierre Loti, H. G. Dwight, and Major General Harbord may indeed, in some respects, share their point of view. But I feel that long-time and distinguished friend of Armenia, Anatole France, does not.

And when they come down to modern times and to that real and perennial skeleton in the closet, the desperate struggle of the Armenians for emancipation, and the wholesale massacre of them by their "tolerant" masters, your writers do not appear to be on any firmer ground. Ignoring the legion of eye-witnesses of every class and nationality, they fall back upon a journalist's mocking tabulation to the effect that if reports were credible then of a total population of 3,000,000 people 35,000,000 would already have been slain. I wonder if this journalist, and the writers, would be willing to accept a reduction of 34,000,000? This would bring the number of slain down to only one million, the number generally estimated, and still leave the Armenians with a heavy enough loss and the Turks with a sufficiently ghastly responsibility.

In the last paragraph but one, one comes upon the interesting news that Angora has "recognized" Armenia (*Russian* Armenia) and that the Armenians are more grateful to Angora for having done this than to the Allied Congress which made them independent. Ye gods! And did the Allied Congress make these Armenians independent? We who have been following the case closely have always supposed that Armenia had won her own independence and had kept it by Russian sanction and that she felt not the least gratitude either to Turkey or to the Allies.

BERTHA SULLIVAN PAPAZIAN

Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 12

White Nurses for Negroes?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The turmoil over whether a white or colored personnel shall operate the two-million-dollar hospital for Negro war veterans at Tuskegee Institute is a revealing indication of the peculiar psychology of the Southern white man. Some years ago Alabama passed a law prohibiting white women from nursing Negroes. Now comes this big government hospital with a monthly pay roll of $65,000. Race prejudice falls with a bang before the almighty dollar—a delegation of eminent white Alabamians travel all the way to Washington to urge the President to permit whites to serve and wait upon Negro patients!

A friend of mine from Alabama has told me of another reason for the insistence by white Alabama that Negroes be not allowed to man this institution. One of the leaders of the movement to put in a white staff remarked bluntly last week: "If niggers are put at the head of this hospital, they'll be responsible *only* to the United States Government, and we don't want any niggers in Alabama we can't control."

Finally, President Harding, without reservation of any sort, stated through his secretary in a letter dated April 28 and addressed to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that the plan is "to man this institution completely with a colored personnel." Since then the delegation of Alabama whites has called at the White House. It remains to be seen whether or not the President will stand by his word—or whether he yet nurses the chimerical dream of breaking the "Solid South" through catering to Southern racial prejudice.

New York, May 14 WALTER WHITE,
Assistant Secretary, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

Beauty Hints for Men

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an intelligent, self-respecting American girl, I protest against certain misleading beauty articles which have been appearing in the New York dailies and even in working people's dailies, the last few weeks. The articles I refer to are: How Washing Dishes Beautifies the Hands and How to Keep Fit by Housework.

Equality does not imply identity of function, but why discriminate against men in these beauty articles? Why not have a series of articles on How Swinging a Pick Develops Symmetrical Muscles, and Digging Ditches as a Cure for Insomnia; Coal Mining as a Tonic for the Appetite, and Street Sweeping as an Aid to Growing Mustaches? It is just as reasonable to believe that these exercises are beneficial to man's health and beautifying to his countenance as it is to say that washing dishes, sweeping floors, and other deadening household drudgery is beautifying to women.

If housework had all the virtues for keeping women beautiful and healthy that are ascribed to it by unthinking or hypocritical sources, women today would be a combination of Venus de Milo and Samson the Strong, because women have had a monopoly on these choice scrubbing jobs for ages past. I suggest women be unselfish and share equally with men the *uplifting* joys of washing dishes, cleaning the gas range, refrigerator, and garbage pail.

In conclusion let me say my personal opinion is that mental exercises that will help women to think clearly and act logically are the only beautifiers woman needs, and men are suffering from the lack of these exercises just as much as women.

Yonkers, New York, April 25 CONSUELO FURMAN

Contributors to This Issue

HARRY F. WARD is professor of Christian ethics in Union Theological Seminary.

E. C. S. is the *nom de plume* of an oil economist.

JAMES M. CAIN is one of the editorial staff of the Baltimore *Sun*.

CONSTANCE L. TODD is an American correspondent traveling in Europe.

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STUART CHASE is one of the directors of the Labor Bureau.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN is a European correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

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Books

So This Is America!

These United States: A Symposium. Edited by Ernest Gruening. First Series. Boni & Liveright. $3.

MANY readers will remember a recent symposium upon the ills of the United States by thirty somewhat disgruntled authorities and will anticipate in this volume a similar indictment. Not so. The editor of *The Nation*, who first called forth these chapters in a series of fortnightly articles, was happily moved when he asked for essays not upon tendencies but upon States. The contributors to the earlier symposium rode each upon his hobby toward some counsel of perfection, and some of them became common scolds; but while you can prophesy what a man of strong opinions will think of music, or economics, or literature, you cannot prophesy what he will think of his native State. He touches his land with heart and habit, as well as with intellect, and writes more uncalculated words, and perhaps more true ones.

The result in "These United States" is a very interesting book, rising at times into eloquence, always informative, frequently shrewd, and when doctrinaire, why doctrinaire in a way which is itself illuminating!

It is a romantic book, romantic in spite of the apparent effort of the authors to be severely analytical. Basil Thompson's Louisiana is the only essay which frankly sets out for sentiment, and Mary Austin's Arizona the only chapter in which the author believes romance—"joyous adventure" she calls it—to be the explanation of a State. And yet, with scarcely an exception, each critic somewhere drops analysis and begins describing the once was, the may be, or the really is of his commonwealth. And these descriptions are often romantic, and usually the best parts of the book.

They are the best because they come nearest to fulfilling what was probably the purpose of the volume. We are suffering in America from normalization. Time and again in these chapters the writers deplore the standardization of life in Maryland, in Iowa, in Colorado, in South Carolina. They say that civilization in their corner is growing homogeneous and undistinguished, and speak of this herd culture as if it were a private fault of their Michigan or their Connecticut. It is of course national, indeed international. In fact, most of the criticisms of economic and social deficiencies made in these chapters apply to national or sectional conditions and have very little reference to the life of a State. It was to find what savor and salt remained in our State divisions, to discover what assets decentralization would find in them if it ever got under way, that the editor devised this series; or at least that ought to have been his reason if one judges by results. For the really valuable items in "These United States" are not the evils of tenant farmership in Iowa, corporation socialism in Delaware, or the failure of Kansas to produce great art, but rather the spiritual, temperamental, and racial peculiarities of the people in so far as the authors have distinguished them in paragraphs which, as I have said, are often romantic in mood. Mr. Chapman's description of Oregon's inferiority complex, Mr. Kauffman's loving analysis of the safe Pennsylvania mind, Mr. Sherwood Anderson's excellent "I'll say we've done well" of Ohio, Mr. Edson's remarkable picture of the happy moron in Arkansas, Mr. Macy's "panorama" of Massachusetts at the end of his chapter, Mrs. Fisher's study of independence in Vermont, all are more stimulative of real thinking than the constant attacks on industrial civilization which are the chief substance and conclusion of so many of the chapters. Industrialism is not, as so many of these writers seem to imply, the great enemy of modern culture, and it is by no means certain that if we had not been industrialized we should have all been cleaner, sweeter, and more spiritually minded. Industrialism is simply a new factor in our environment, inescapable, and to be used or misused as our will or fate (according to one's philosophy) disposes. To complain as Mr. Mencken complains, or Mr. Wilson, or a dozen others of the effects of industrialism, is simply to enter a general complaint, and contributes little to knowledge. Mr. Wilson's description of Princeton, which he loves, has more pith in it than his denunciation of industrialized New Jersey, which he hates. The one is a warm appraisal of New Jersey's potential soul, the other an attack on a general tendency of modern civilization.

Indeed these authors throughout are better when they love than when they hate, and more convincing in their descriptions of social attributes than in their analyses of social wrongs. Nothing could be more neat than Miss Anne Martin's diagnosis of Nevada's disease of water monopoly, or Mrs. Ratliff's study of the Negro complex in Mississippi. And yet the implication always present that *if* so and so were done or not done all would be well is not convincing. Mr. Cline wants more poverty, and Mrs. Fisher acclaims Vermont poverty; yet poverty elsewhere is the assigned cause for many social troubles. Industrialism, as I have said, is the favorite doctrine of destruction, and yet Arkansas unindustrialized and set away from the imperial Main Streets of the continent is the paradise of unlovely ignorance. This interesting book is best when its authors forget the economic interpretation of history, and speak from observation and experience. Its greatest value is its definition of human traits born of varying inheritances and worked upon by varying environment. The deadly uniformity which threatens America can best be escaped by more appreciation of valuable difference. It is not when these writers propose remedies and assign causes a little too dogmatically, but when they forget theory and write with their emotions that Michigan, Kansas, California begin to seem worth bothering about. More about character and a little less of social theory would be a good prescription for the second series of these papers. The first is so good as to deserve the sequel, and it will never do to let New York, Virginia, Illinois, Nebraska go unpraised and unlashed.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Twelve Hours for Work

Analysis of the Interchurch World Movement Report on the Steel Strike. By Marshall Olds. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

The Twelve-Hour Shift in Industry. By the Committee on Work-Periods in Continuous-Industry of the Federated American Engineering Societies. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

THE American Iron and Steel Institute, under the leadership of Judge Gary, has just passed unanimously a resolution opposing the total abolition of the twelve-hour day "at this time," but favoring it at some unnamed period in the golden future if the immigration bars should be let down, if the employees would consent, if consumers would agree to pay at least 15 per cent more for steel, and if "industry generally, including the farmers, would approve." Our good President is reported in the press as being "disappointed over the refusal of Judge Gary, as head of the United States Steel Corporation, to abolish the twelve-hour day for workers in the corporation's employ." One cannot help wondering whether he is surprised as well, in view of the history of the past twenty years.

Of all the numerous attacks on the twelve-hour day that have punctuated those twenty years, the Interchurch Report on the Steel Strike was doubtless the most annoying, because it received the widest publicity. The logical center of that report was the non-union policy of the steel companies and the results flowing from it. While questions of wages, civil liberties, the control of public opinion, and other results bulk large in the report, however, it was apparently the continuance of the twelve-hour day that struck deepest into the mind and conscience of the churchmen and aroused their sharpest condemnation. On the basis of their findings in 1919 the Interchurch investigators declared broadly that approximately half the employees in iron and steel manufacturing work twelve hours a day, that less than

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a quarter can work less than sixty hours a week, and that during the past decade the corporation has increased the percentage of its employees subject to the twelve-hour day.

Now comes Mr. Marshall Olds with a fat book, to declare that Robert Bruère, Heber Blankenhorn, and the rest of the investigators were just a lot of designing radicals, and that as such clever schemers always do they pulled the wool over the eyes of the reputable and God-fearing churchmen who signed the report. It is terrible, especially as the report is nothing but propaganda for communism, a fact that Mr. Olds proves quite in Lusk Committee style. The book indeed reads like the terrors of 1919, instead of the "normalcy" of 1922. But the radicalism of the investigators is not the full measure, though it is the complete explanation, of their offending. In addition, they are specifically and repeatedly charged with expurgating, garbling, suppressing, and deliberately falsifying the evidence in their possession, with the direct purpose of misrepresenting the steel companies and bamboozling the public into accepting the investigators' own radical ideas. To prove it, Mr. Olds quotes figures that were not available when the Interchurch Report was published, and in addition begins his book with a four-page blessing from Professor Jenks, a certificate of fairness from Haskins and Sells, Certified Public Accountants, and divers other evidences of unimpeachable scholarship. In frankness it must be admitted that he needs them all; for in a long career one luckless reviewer, at least, can recall no book which combined equally elaborate paraphernalia of fairness with equally elaborate unfairness in the use of paraphernalia.

No one, probably, imagines that the Interchurch Report is impeccable, either as to fact or as to mode of statement. It was not prepared under impeccable conditions. Moreover, the obstacles thrown in the way of the investigators by the steel companies vastly increased the difficulties of establishing the truth. If the report, therefore, partakes of the nature of an indictment, most sensible men will incline to the opinion that the steel men ought to blame the facts and their own unwillingness to reveal the facts, rather than the bias of the investigators. Not so Mr. Olds, whose statistical rage carries him triumphantly forward through four hundred and fifty pages of "analysis" to his foreordained conclusion. His ponderous pretensions to accuracy and impartiality have already been blown sky-high by competent critics, and the failure of his book to make any public impression indicates that popular opinion agrees with expert judgment as to where the substantial truth lies as between him and the Interchurch investigators. If the ordinary man had had any doubt on that question, it would have been resolved by the recent action of the Iron and Steel Institute.

Mr. Olds was specially unfortunate in that his book appeared at just about the same time with the engineers' study of the twelve-hour shift. With no ax to grind and no thesis to establish, the engineers went to work in 1920 to learn the facts about twelve-hour work and its economy, and to assess the results of experience in changing from a twelve-hour basis to a shorter day. There are nearly fifty continuous industries in existence, of which a number run on three shifts, the majority partly on three shifts and partly on two, and a half-dozen wholly on two. Horace Drury, well and favorably known to the economic fraternity, has made the engineers' general study of these industries, while Bradley Stoughton, whose name is a guaranty of scientific competence and fairness, has made a special study of iron and steel. Outside iron and steel the total number of employees on three shifts is considerably larger than that on two, and including steel, between a third and a half of all the workers are twelve-hour men. Mr. Stoughton quotes the figures of the Department of Labor showing percentages of twelve-hour iron and steel workers in 1920 as follows: At blast furnaces, 63 per cent; Bessemer mills, 75; open-hearth mills, 50; puddling mills, 20; blooming mills, 60; rail mills, 60; bar mills, over 50; sheet and tinplate mills, under 10. Mr. Olds is entitled to such comfort as he can extract from these figures. Happily, however, from 1910 to 1920, the percentage of twelve-hour men at blast furnaces fell from 69 to 63 per cent, and in open-hearth mills from 75 to 50 per cent, while of the three branches for which comparisons were possible the declining Bessemer process was the only one to show an increase, from 65 to 75 per cent. Some 29 per cent of the men at the blast furnaces still work 84 hours a week, however (the seven-day twelve-hour schedule), and according to Mr. Stoughton approximately a fifth of all the workers in the industry had the same schedule. In 1921 wages of unskilled workers in Northern mills generally went down to 30 cents per hour, or $3.60 for a twelve-hour day. In the South they were considerably lower. At the same time the Ford Motor Company, paying the men at its blast furnaces $6 for an eight-hour day, was making pig iron cheaper than it could buy it.

With the additional information at his command, Mr. Stoughton by no means confirms all the Interchurch figures, but his findings certainly make Mr. Olds look like the small end of nothing. The proportion of twelve-hour men is indeed decreasing gradually, but it is still disgracefully high. What is much more significant, to the student who has just read the steel men's flat statement that a change to the eight-hour day would increase the cost of production by 15 per cent and require 60,000 additional men, is Mr. Stoughton's quiet remark that "the American iron and steel industry never has had a well-developed research department upon which executives could predicate their changes in practice." One is tempted to suggest that perhaps they think it cheaper to work men twelve hours a day at thirty cents, and then trust that Mr. Olds will write a book defending the practice. Like a scientist, Mr. Stoughton refrains from making dogmatic assertions about the cost of changing from the twelve to the eight-hour day, but points out the conditions necessary to making a successful transition. After a careful survey of the available experience, which shows in some cases economies wholly offsetting the added costs, he declares that even if none of these economies were effected, "the total manufacturing cost would be affected by not more than 15 per cent, perhaps by no more than 3 per cent." Yet our steel manufacturers tell us that they cannot afford to make the change unless we let them charge at least 15 per cent more for steel and let them have more cheap immigrant labor into the bargain.

As weak-kneed a social reformer as President Harding has said: "This clear and convincing report of the engineers must prove exceedingly helpful in showing that this much-to-be-desired result [the abolition of the twelve-hour day] can be achieved without economic or financial disturbance." But the steel masters reply with a simple *non possumus* (or is it *non volumus?*). Surely they do not imagine that even a stupid public can be befuddled indefinitely by books like Mr. Olds's. Why should they not rather use their brains to bring about promptly and economically a change that is demanded by economic and social considerations of the highest moment and that is already two decades overdue?

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Godly Mischief

The Religion of Main Street. By Percy Stickney Grant. American Library Service. $1.50.

Confessions of an Old Priest. By S. D. McConnell. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

A Receivership for Civilization. By Duren J. H. Ward. Four Seas Company. $3.50.

I Believe in God and in Evolution. By Dr. William W. Keen. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.

Christianity and Liberalism. By J. Gresham Machen. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

SOMETHING grave is stirring in the church, though it is difficult to say just what it portends. Some believe the church is coming into its own once more, and is now regaining its pristine place in the van of progressive mankind. More probably, however, the church is only *preparing* to come into

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its own, and is now but beginning to throw off the cumbersome baggage that has thus far kept it lagging far in the rear. That this business of shedding impedimenta is not going on without opposition was made glaringly apparent in the "controversy" between Dr. Grant and Bishop Manning. "The Religion of Main Street" is an appropriate souvenir of that now historic fracas, being as hurried in its get-up and as slipshod in its style as were the newspaper accounts of the squabble. The book contains the stenographic reports of the sermons by the rector (evidently without a trace of revision!) and the letters exchanged between him and his bishop. It is plainly brought out not for its intrinsic worth but its "timeliness." One should not be supercilious, however, in speaking of the book. The sermons in it may lack grace and dignity, they may be hackneyed in tone and cheap in content, but they did arouse a storm and then weathered it triumphantly—no small achievement even in this year of grace. There is war on in the church, bitter war, and he who would be victor dare not stickle for finesse.

That there may be queer ways of easing the church of its doctrinal burdens is evident from Dr. McConnell's book. After fifty years in the Episcopal pulpit he has come to believe that all that is fundamental in Christianity is the admittedly pagan "suffering god" myth exemplified in the sacraments. The prophetic diatribes, the Beatitudes, all the Hebraic ethical element are sordid or maudlin and should be cast off; the whole life story of Jesus, save only for the last moment, is essentially inconsequential. All that is truly Christian is a syncretism of certain primitive notions common to the earliest of Aryan peoples. The little book is of course a "sport" among interpretations of Christianity, but because of the character of its author and the trenchant style in which it is written it is interesting even if not significant. The title reminds one of those lewd pamphlets the train news-venders used to sell to gullible bumpkins; the contents, however, remind one of nothing on earth or in heaven.

Mr. Ward's book is also a "sport," but rather in the popular than the biological sense. It is an attempt to sing the beauties of Aryan science and decry the uglinesses of Semitic theology, all done in jazz tempo and loudness. The volume is a queer medley of patent fact and hysterical fancy printed with rashes of italics and blotches of headline type. One wonders whether Edward A. Ross and Ben B. Lindsay read it before they wrote the flattering comments that appear on the book-jacket. If the Rev. John Roach Straton were by some act of God suddenly to become a wild evolutionist his pen would no doubt bring forth just such a book as this. Even though Mr. Ward is officially a Man of God, his mischief cannot quite be characterized as godly.

One is surprised that publishers still find it profitable to put out essays like this by Dr. Keen. One imagines very few people are left who could be thrilled with horror at its thesis. But large bodies like the church move slowly, and no doubt a century hence there will still be a demand for these attempts at "harmonizing" religion and science. Dr. Keen's essay is simple and succinct; even Mr. Bryan ought to be able to understand it.

The probability is, however, that the Great Commoner will never look at it. Instead he will devour Mr. Machen's diatribe against the liberals and go preaching it to morons in Chautauqua tents and Southern colleges. If any imagine that the work of godly mischief, of ridding Christianity of its doctrinal barnacles, is unopposed in theological circles, they should read this precious volume. It is a broad and inclusive condemnation of any and every attempt to let light into the attic of theology. Its thesis is simply that the modernists and liberals in the church are without exception preachers of a doctrine grounded in the "shifting desires of sinful men," a doctrine utterly foreign to Christianity. And this from a professor in one of the foremost of American seminaries!

LEWIS BROWNE

Literature and the Land

Louise Imogen Guiney. Her Life and Works, 1861-1920. By E. M. Tenison. London: Macmillan and Company. $5.
Black Armour. A Book of Poems. By Elinor Wylie. George H. Doran Company. $1.75.
April Twilights and Other Poems. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY was a strange flower in the soil of New England, and though she bloomed spicily there her color has begun to fade a little, and her fragrance is not what it was. She wrote some lyrics that will last, and in one way or another she must prove permanently interesting; but she is definitely a minor author. There was something minor about the very intensity with which she cultivated the anachronisms of her temperament. The patriotism which she inherited from her Civil War father and which she carried to a hectic pitch in the World War is not important, or is only picturesquely so, like the quaint devotion which her heroes the Cavaliers paid to a worthless king in another civil war. Her optimism, her knight-errantry, and her particular brand of Catholicism are not altogether convincing now. One who found it so easy to call life a brave thing must have missed a good deal. Next to the lyrics, perhaps, her antiquarian labors in the literature of the seventeenth century will show her in the best light; Stanley, Vaughan, and the rest are deeply indebted to her, and doubtless will continue to be so. Her prose is too often praised. It is delicate and erudite, but it is affected, and like most of her other work it is out of touch with life. E. M. Tenison's uncritical memoir is both a tribute and an anthology; merely as such it is very impressive.

Elinor Wylie is strictly a contemporary poet, though no marks of any soil, her own or one more foreign, remain upon her. She belongs quite obviously, and indeed quite genuinely, among the most brilliant poets of today. One thinks of Edna St. Vincent Millay, "H. D.," T. S. Eliot, and E. A. Robinson. Her second volume shows her still not wholly distinct from the rest; yet there is every reason to suppose that she will achieve sophistication and fineness in her own right. Her readers at present are aware chiefly of her amazing ability at rhyme, her scrupulousness as to detail, her perfect finish, her cold fire, her hard wit. These are not enough. The following is admirable, but one who finds himself watching the dexterous hand at work remembers that other hands are living which could have produced an almost identical result:

I shall lie hidden in a hut
  In the middle of an alder wood,
With the back door blind and bolted shut,
  And the front door locked for good.

I shall lie folded like a saint,
  Lapped in a scented linen sheet,
On a bedstead striped with bright-blue paint,
  Narrow and cold and neat.

The midnight will be glassy black
  Behind the panes, with wind about
To set his mouth against a crack
  And blow the candle out.

In the novels of Willa Cather one comes home to an epic poet, to a great writer who deals simply and profoundly with love, age, separation, death, heroes, gods, and the land. No end of passion is there, and no end of reality. But her "Poems," so printed and so called, are not great. The themes of "April Twilights," a volume now recalled from a twenty years' silence and somewhat enlarged, are the familiar ones; the abundant poetry is not here. It seems perfectly obvious that Miss Cather was wise in abandoning verse for fiction. She was not built to go at any but a prairie pace. Rhythm and rhyme were never

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fully effective in her hands; they retarded rather than sped her as she thought. At least our reading is made slow by such unnecessary artificialities as "yearneth," "in the purple gloaming," "young lads a-chasing," "parsons a-praying," and "children their kites a-flying"; and our attention is distracted by mechanics everywhere. Miss Cather could hardly write a book that was not distinguished, and "April Twilights" is distinguished by feeling and observation; but a poem like Spanish Johnny reminds us of The Song of the Lark, and the reminder is fatal.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mountain Climbing

The Call of the Mountains. Rambles Among the Mountains and Canyons of the United States and Canada. By Le Roy Jeffers. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

MOUNTAINEERING today has become not only a great sport, but also largely a geographical science, since to what originally was little more than a "do and dare" proposition have been added topographical, geological, meteorological, and other investigations, sometimes on a large scale, such as we find in the recent attempts on Mt. Everest. The 1921 expedition in that field surveyed over 12,000 square miles of unknown country. Interest in this direction has developed so greatly in latter years that numerous clubs have been formed having for their chief object the climbing of mountains and the study of them. Through their activities some peaks are now intimately known from tip to toe and annual assaults are being made on others still defiant.

Mr. Jeffers belongs to a number of these clubs and is an enthusiast in the sport. Following his profound interest he has organized the strictly mountaineering clubs and the affiliated societies into a group which is known as the Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America, comprising some fifty societies. Mr. Jeffers is secretary and librarian with headquarters at the New York Public Library, where he is gathering for this group a special library of mountaineering, which is also for public use. The author is himself an expert climber. He has tramped in every important region of this country and Canada. One of his notable achievements was the first ascent of Mt. Moran (12,100 feet), a precipitous peak of the Teton Range in Wyoming, which he accomplished by a continuous effort of nearly thirty hours. Yet he holds that it is not a difficult climb provided one knows the route.

His descriptions are lucid and interesting; often poetic. He is thoroughly in harmony with nature and it will do the flabby "tired business man" a world of good to read this book and aspire to follow some of the paths it so well describes. There is always a hill somewhere to climb.

"Only sympathetic and joyous communion with flower and tree, with bird and animal, and with the eternal mountains," declares Mr. Jeffers, "can supply an infinite need of the soul . . . the spirit is awakened by the voice of living things, and it reaches out in every direction to learn the meaning of life." This suggests the attitude of John Muir and John Burroughs. Mr. Jeffers indeed approaches nature with the same reverent admiration which was so marked a quality in them. Naturally he is devoted to John Muir, and he gives a chapter to that lover of mountains, who never carried a gun and was companion with bird, beast, and craggy peak.

California he styles the most alluring of all the States and terms it "The Land of Heart's Delight" with which few will disagree: the Californians themselves sometimes modestly declaim on this line. The Yellowstone, the Yosemite, the Canadian Rockies, the Grand Canyon, Zion Canyon, Brice Canyon, in fact every important feature of the country, all are described from actual observation. Nor does he neglect our Eastern mountains, some of them very beautiful and imposing. Mt. Washington, Mt. Marcy, Slide, and Katahdin come in for their share of admiration. In spelling the latter name he follows the Appalachian Mountain Club in using Ktaadn. Ktaadn is not more "Indian" than Katahdin, and as the pronunciation is practically the same, with Katahdin far more agreeable to look upon, it seems preferable. The various stocks of Indians (over sixty different languages) used sounds frequently difficult to express in our alphabet, so for general use we cannot refine these sounds too much by using accents and inverted letters and by leaving out vowels, or consonants either, in an attempt to express the native sounds with precision. To try to reproduce the "click" that is common in the Navajo language, for example, would be disastrous. So it will be just as well to eliminate Ktaadn. It serves no useful purpose and the use of it is perilously near pedantry.

The last chapter in this attractive volume is the Call of the Sea, illustrated by several interesting photographs by Mr. Jeffers and his father. The book is handsomely illustrated throughout, emphasizing the author's assertions as to the scenic beauties of North America, and it may earnestly be recommended to all those who imagine that the Wild West begins at Buffalo and that all the magnificence of nature is confined to Europe.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

Seeing Crooked

As We See It. By René Viviani. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.
Die Mobilmachung der Russischen Armee 1914. Von General Serge Dobrorolski. Berlin: Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik und Geschichte.

VIVIANI, Prime Minister of France at the outbreak of the war, wrote "As We See It" as a reply to the Kaiser's memoirs. He has an easy time making hash of that gentleman's self-justification, but he gets into trouble when he attempts to defend all of his own policy, and Russia's into the bargain. He makes his case worse by citing the description of the Russian mobilization recently published in Serbia and in Germany by Dobrorolski, former chief of the mobilization division of the Russian army, for by citing parts of that pamphlet he deprives himself of the excuse of ignorance of the rest of it. Without that excuse there is little left but to conclude that Viviani does not want to tell the whole truth.

It is easy for Viviani to score on the Kaiser. The Kaiser's own annotations on the Foreign Office dispatches are ample discredit of the excuses of the memoirs. But the time has passed to write in the vein of "J'Accuse." Viviani gnaws on old bones. Since the war-time story of the Potsdam Crown Council of July 5 has been proved a fabrication Viviani produces a new story and by repetition almost convinces the unwary reader that he has reestablished the old. He must know that the premature *Lokalanzeiger* report of German mobilization had nothing to do with the Russian mobilization—Count Montgelas's researches have proved that the report did not reach Petersburg until after the fatal order had been given—but he elaborates upon the old theme for pages and pages. He sets the Russian mobilization many hours too late and gives a version of its significance utterly at variance with that reported by Dobrorolski and Sukhomlinov; he gives in quotation marks a garbled text of an Austrian telegram (page 189), and completely mixes up events in other places (as on page 202); he says that the last-moment attempts of the Germans to restrain Austria never reached Berchtold, which is false.

Austria has a black score indeed, and Germany's record is far from white; French spokesmen should be content with the facts. The Germans, Austrians, and Russians have opened their archives to the world, and discovered most incredible deceit, ignorance, and readiness to accept war. It is time for the French and British to open their archives; not otherwise can they convince us. We want the records, not self-excuses and abuses of the other fellow, and we know that the rainbow

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books of 1914, Allies and Mid-European, were falsely edited.

General Dobrorolski gives us an important chapter of the record. He contradicts in detail Sukhomlinov's story of the midnight telephone conversation in which the Czar countermanded the order for general mobilization, and three high officials decided to disobey him. It is for Sukhomlinov to reply. But Dobrorolski's version is no more palliating for the Russian general staff. It pressed for war; it had no doubt of the fatal meaning of general mobilization. Once this was ordered, he says, "a modification was not possible. The prologue of the great historical drama had begun." After July 25 "war had been decided, and the flood of telegrams between the governments of Russia was only a *mise en scène*." Sazanov was optimistic up to July 28; on that day he made a right-about-face and had the Czar sign the mobilization orders which went out two days later. The Czar recalled the order for general mobilization when it was already on the machines on the evening of July 29; on July 30 Sazanov again induced the Czar to make the proclamation. He thereupon telephoned Janushkevich, Dobrorolski says, and instructed him: "Give your orders, general, and then disappear for the rest of the day."

It is not a pretty thing to think upon: this fear lest something might happen to avert the imminent war. Viviani quotes Dobrorolski liberally, but he omits this story. L. S. G.

Books in Brief

Stavrogin's Confession and the Plan of The Life of a Great Sinner. By F. M. Dostoevski. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press. 6 shillings.

Dostoevski's fitful prose and loose, all-embracing plot construction are magnified in these fragments. Students of his work and those interested in the mechanism of fiction will find intriguing material in this book which contains three hitherto unpublished chapters of "The Possessed" and the sketch of a novel that he did not write. To all others it will furnish an additional exhibit of the imbecility of the Czarist government which suppressed these papers.

Public Relief of Sickness. By Gerald Morgan. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Sickness has always made a strong appeal to the sympathy and imagination of all people. With the development of civilization the relation between sickness and poverty has become more apparent. The financial margin in most families is not sufficient to tide them over a long illness, especially if it involves the wage-earner. The result is that there have been many experiments and more suggestions as to possible solutions. Mr. Morgan discusses the present chaotic situation in this field in the United States with clarity and fairness. He gives particular attention to the legislative proposals in the States of New York and Illinois. Mr. Morgan has some very interesting suggestions for the solution. Probably he would be one of the first to admit that there are possible flaws in his argument, and that a final solution of this problem will only be evolved as a result of actual experiences. Those interested in health insurance, health centers, and state-supervised medical service will find food for thought in Mr. Morgan's book.

A Poetry Prize

Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, editor of the American section of the *Poetry Review* of London, offers a prize of $50 in competition for a sonnet on the sea. The competition will be open to writers in all parts of the world and will close not earlier than July 25. Manuscripts should be addressed to Mrs. Bartlett, 27 West 67th Street, New York City. The envelope should be marked "Sea Sonnet" on the upper left-hand corner. No manuscripts will be returned.

Drama

Little Plays

King Arthur's Socks and Other Village Plays. By Floyd Dell. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Five One-Act Comedies. By Lawrence Langner. Stewart Kidd Company. $2.

THE short plays in these two volumes belong to a period which, though but a few years behind us, is already taking on a legendary tinge. The period was that of the last years of the war, the first years after it. The Washington Square Players and the Provincetown Players were producing those bills of one-act plays from which so much that is fruitful and of permanent importance in the American theater derives. And nearly all the authors of the plays and all the directors and actors were living in Greenwich Village and the young of both sexes in all parts of the country were turning eyes toward Greenwich Village as a Latin Quarter, a place of life and art and of experimentation in life and art. Some day an historian of American literature will chronicle that whole movement from those first days that must have had so much of freshness and courage and poetry about them to this later and probably decadent time as it is so bitterly described by Mr. C. Kay Scott in "Sinbad."

Mr. Floyd Dell, far enough from the Village today in both body and spirit, declares that these plays are the memorials of an intellectual playtime in his life. I am not so sure but what he wrongs his own past. The first three plays in the volume are indeed thinly and even feebly Shavian. But "Legend" has in its brief compass both power and vision, and so has "Enigma." "A Long Time Ago" and "The Rim of the World" have both truth and imaginative reach, which is a rare combination, and both "King Arthur's Socks" and even "Poor Harold" are closely observed and cleanly and decisively written. In all these plays problems are raised and forms of dramatic writing essayed that were richly worth further cultivation. Today Mr. Dell seems to look back upon those problems as those of a cruder period both in his life and in American letters. Perhaps there was something of mere weariness in that. "Enigma" strikes me as deeper and more telling than any similar passage in his novels, "King Arthur's Socks" as both gayer and more veracious, and he has quite abandoned the imaginative adventuring so happily illustrated in "The Rim of the World." It is a pity, at all events, that a talent so varied and so strong should be quite lost, as apparently it is, to the American drama.

Mr. Langner has stuck to his guns. No long play of his has yet reached the stage. But that will probably happen in due time. Meanwhile, as one of the directors of the Theater Guild, he remains at the center of our dramatic activities. His talent, at least as it is exemplified here, is drier than Mr. Dell's, more firmly directed in its activity, less rich perhaps but more securely cultivated. These comedies deal with the relations of the sexes under circumstances that mean the denial of many ancient taboos. The point that Mr. Langner makes very effectively and deftly is that the essential problems remain quite the same with or without the taboos and inhere in the nature of such a being as man in such a society as he has, from that very nature, to live in. But Mr. Langner has a very free and flexible intelligence and a solid gift for comedy that is not less amusing for being quite serious at its core. Hence these plays are both stimulating and gay. The comic spirit is in them—the permanent comic spirit that laughs at the foibles of mankind because it is concerned for a saner world. The best of Mr. Langner's plays is the last, the little tragi-comedy called "Licensed." In it passion is added to intelligence and indignation to wit. In three acts—the material quite suffices—this action would both sting and soar and be a worthy rival to such a play as "Rain."

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The United Labor Front in Saxony

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

SOCIALIST state and municipal administrations have been no novelty in Germany since the revolution. But the new Saxon Cabinet was formed only as the result of a definite agreement between the Social-Democrats and the Communists. This is the first important working agreement of the kind that has been made since the German Socialist movement was split into warring factions in the early days of the revolution. The German non-Socialist press has set up a cry of alarm over this step toward labor unity in the political field, and the new government has even been called "a Saxon Soviet."

Saxony, a small but densely populated state, with several large industrial centers, has always been a focus of German radicalism. The last elections to the Landtag, the Saxon legislative assembly, resulted in the choice of forty Social-Democrats, ten Communists, nineteen German Nationalists, nineteen members of the German People's Party, and eight Democrats. The combined Social-Democrats and Communists, therefore, had a small majority over the combined non-Socialist parties. Under these circumstances negotiations were initiated with a view to the creation of a Social-Democratic-Communist coalition government. These negotiations broke down because the Communists made their entrance into the government dependent upon certain conditions which the Social-Democrats regarded as inconsistent with the provisions of the Weimar Constitution. The Social-Democrats were also unable to come to any satisfactory agreement with the middle-class parties. In the end the Social-Democrats formed a minority government, to which the Communists gave temporary parliamentary support without according it the support of their indorsement or their participation.

This unstable parliamentary situation did not last long. Late in January a meeting of the extreme German nationalists was held in Leipzig. The Communists demanded that the Social-Democratic Minister of the Interior, Lipinsky, forbid the holding of this meeting. When he refused to do so, the Communist fraction in the Landtag brought in a vote of lack of confidence in the government, which was carried, since all the non-Socialist delegates voted for it along with the Communists.

Then ensued a long period of futile negotiation during which it seemed impossible to form any government that would command a majority in the Landtag. The more conservative Social-Democratic leaders were inclined to favor the so-called "great coalition," a cabinet based upon the support of the Social-Democrats and all the republican middle-class parties, to the exclusion of the Communists and Monarchists. Such a cabinet already exists in Prussia. But the rank and file of the Saxon Social-Democrats, more sincere, perhaps, than their leaders in their belief in the Marxist ideal of class struggle, thoroughly distrusted the great coalition. They did not like the idea of seeing their representatives participate in the government with representatives of the People's Party, which is generally regarded as the political champion of German big business.

And so, responding to the insistent pressure from below, the Social-Democratic leaders entered into discussions with the Communists about the possibility of forming a labor government in which only the representatives of the two workers' parties, the Social-Democrats and the Communists, should participate. The Communists agreed to enter the Saxon Government only on condition that a congress of factory committees should be called, which should sit simultaneously with the Landtag and exert an extra-parliamentary influence upon its deliberations. The Social-Democrats rejected this demand as too revolutionary. But a compromise between the two labor parties was finally reached. The Social-Democrats, while they persisted in their refusal to consent to the calling of a factory-committee congress, made a number of concessions to other demands of the Communists. The Communists, on their part, while they declined to enter the new Government, agreed to support it so long as the agreement concluded between the two parties was carried out. This agreement, among other things, provided for the setting up of workers' committees to combat profiteering, for the creation of a labor chamber, consisting of elected representatives of the workers, to which all laws affecting labor must be submitted, and for the formation of workers' self-defense organizations to fight against any Monarchist or Fascist attacks. As a result of this agreement the parliamentary deadlock was broken, the Communists voted for the Social-Democratic candidate for Premier, Dr. Zeigner, and a new cabinet, made up of some of the more radical members of the Social-Democratic Party, came into power.

This cabinet has not yet had time to put its program into effect, but its formation has been greeted with storms of abuse in the non-Socialist press both in Saxony and in the rest of Germany. The agreement between the two parties is denounced as unconstitutional and dangerous to public order, and some of the more conservative papers urge the Central Government to take a hand in the situation. So far, however, the authorities at Berlin have not made any move looking toward intervention.

The Social-Democratic-Communist alliance in Saxony may well have wider than local implications. If it stands the strain of actual practice without breaking it may prove the prelude and the model for cooperation between the two parties on a larger scale all over Germany. It is true that a wide gulf of mutual hostility and mistrust still remains to be bridged over between Social-Democrats and Communists. The Communist and Social-Democratic papers published in Leipzig and Dresden and Chemnitz and the other large centers of Saxony do not by any means reflect a picture of cordial and complete harmony. Each party tries to interpret the agreement in its own way, the Communists pushing forward and the Social-Democrats holding back. Yet the fact that the agreement was concluded at all marks a notable change in the previous relation between the two parties. It was only two years ago that the Social-Democratic Prussian Minister of the Interior, Severing, was the leading figure in the vigorous suppression of a Communist uprising in Middle Germany.

During those two years the German Communists have sobered down more, perhaps, than they realize themselves. The failure of the insurrections which broke out in 1919, 1920, and 1921 has convinced many of the Communist lead-

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ers that their program cannot hope to succeed through adventurous revolutionary coups. They have resigned themselves to an indefinite period of propaganda among the masses. Moreover, the abandonment of rigid communism in Russia in favor of a more and more flexible system of state capitalism has had a perceptible effect in cooling the revolutionary ardor of the Western European workers.

Under these circumstances the margin of difference between the German Social-Democrats and Communists tends insensibly to grow smaller and smaller. Both look forward to the same ideal of socialism, not as something to be achieved today or tomorrow, but as the goal of a long period of education, propaganda, sacrifice, and struggle. To be sure, there are many wounds on both sides which will take time to heal; and the affiliation of the Communists with the Moscow International is also a serious barrier to the speedy merging of the two parties. Then there is a minority in the ranks of the German Communist Party which regards the policy of the central committee as inactive and opportunist and urges the adoption of a more revolutionary and uncompromising attitude. But there is little likelihood that this minority will be able to play a decisive role in the future, unless a sudden and catastrophic turn for the worse in German economic conditions leads to a new wave of despairing revolt among the masses, similar to that which followed the end of the war.

Barring some such striking development, the process of cooperation between Social-Democrats and Communists, which has already found its first practical application in Saxony, is likely to go farther, although the actual amalgamation of the two parties may well be a matter of years. The strong desire for unity which certainly prevails among the masses of Communist and Social-Democratic workmen, the desire that brought about the "labor government" in Saxony, is almost certain to prevail in the end against the jealousies of leaders and the memory of old grudges. The new united party that may arise out of the fusion of Social-Democrats and Communists will be quite similar to the British Labor Party in spirit and methods. It will defend the present republic against all Monarchist and Fascist conspiracies, fight for a more thoroughgoing democratization of the civil service, and try to make the German capitalists and landowners bear a larger share of the nation's tax and reparation burdens than has been the case heretofore.

The Socialist International

BELOW is the closing declaration adopted at the recent Socialist International Congress in Hamburg, an account of which appears on page 745 of this issue:

RESOLUTION OF THE COMMITTEE ON POINT 2 OF THE AGENDA

Throughout the world the war has left behind it, as one of its most disastrous consequences, the tendency to settle economic and political problems by violence. Classes which feel themselves threatened by the growing power of the workers are abandoning democratic government and resorting to violence in order to redress the balance of force in their favor. The working-class must defend democracy against these violent methods of the bourgeoisie. The Congress affirms the right of asylum for political refugees, calls for the release from imprisonment of those who have suffered for the socialist ideal, and summons the whole Labor movement to a decisive and united struggle against international reaction.

I

The Congress believes that, in the last resort, the working-class of every land must fight its own battle for political and industrial liberation. It strongly opposes every proposal for armed intervention, for blockades or boycotts, more especially when these are directed against states which have incurred the displeasure of the ruling classes. It condemns the continued use of terrorism by the Russian Government and the suppression of the essential rights of democracy as a danger not only to the Russian workers, but also to the vital interests of the international proletariat. At the same time it calls upon the Labor movement to resist every form of intervention by capitalist governments against Russia. Intervention under their direction would destroy, not so much what is mischievous in the present phase of the revolution, as the revolution itself. So far from creating a true democracy it would restore a government of bloody counter-revolution which would become an instrument for the exploitation of the Russian people by Western imperialism.

The Congress calls upon all labor and socialist parties, especially those in the Allied countries and in the states bordering on Russia, not only to oppose intervention, but to press for the *de jure* recognition of the Russian Government and the immediate restoration of commercial and diplomatic relations.

II

The Congress summons the Labor movement in every country to a vigilant scrutiny of the external policy of the governing class, lest it should result in promoting reaction beyond its frontiers. The repeated violence of the Allies toward Germany is driving large sections of the German people into a nationalist movement, which would disturb the peace of the world, dishonor the debt which the masses of the German people recognize, and promote general reaction throughout Central Europe. The republic is thereby endangered, militarism encouraged, and the German working-class confronted with the danger of violent repression. The Congress calls upon the German working-class to organize the stoutest resistance to the counter-revolution and to the sabotage of German capitalists, who shrink from the sacrifices which they are called upon to make in the interest of Germany's obligations. It summons the Labor and Socialist parties of the Allied countries to give their loyal aid to their German comrades, by resisting in their own countries the policy of their rulers which subjects free labor to military despotism, or assails the sovereignty of the German republic, the integrity of its territory, the vital economic interests of its people, or their legitimate self-respect.

III

The Congress calls upon the Labor and Socialist parties in every country to work for the elimination of national hatreds. This is especially a duty in countries where national minorities are denied their full political rights, or their cultural autonomy. The discontent of these minorities is used by reactionary parties for their own purposes and increases the risk of war and reaction. In some of these countries Fascism has taken the peculiar form of anti-Semitism and has become a danger which the whole working-class must combat. The Congress calls upon the Labor and Socialist parties in every country where such minorities exist, and especially in the new European states created by the peace treaties, to use all their power to realize the principles of democratic self-government and cultural freedom. . . .

IV

The Congress draws the attention of the working-class to the efforts of capitalist governments to create an insidious form of intervention through the expedient of financial control and by other economic means. Thus, in Austria, the financial control favors the capitalist and monarchist reaction and undermines the power of the working-class. In the newly created states the economic pressure of the capitalist Powers makes itself felt alike in their internal and in their foreign policy. The Congress therefore calls upon Labor and Socialist parties to oppose these

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characteristic forms of international reaction with the utmost energy.

V

The Congress believes that through the enlightenment of public opinion in the world, the International has at its command a powerful weapon for the support of its comrades in countries where violent reaction prevails. The White Terror in Hungary and the Fascist dictatorship in Italy and Turkish persecution in Armenia have not only destroyed democracy and oppressed the organized working-class in these countries; they have also set an example which threatens to poison the political life of other countries. The Congress calls upon Labor and Socialist parties to make the utmost use of the information with which the Executive will supply them in order to bring the excesses of Fascism before the judgment of the civilized world. The Labor and Socialist International is the natural defender of oppressed peoples, but until Hungary restores democracy and freedom to its working-class it will refuse it all support, and will press the Allied governments not to favor reactionary Hungary in the matter of disarmament in comparison with democratic Austria, Bulgaria, and Germany. The Congress summons the working masses in every land to unite all their forces against international reaction, to repulse the offensive of capitalist violence, to restore democracy the world over, and so to create conditions which will insure the victory of the socialist ideal.

Resolution of Commission 2 on Russia

The Congress considers it to be the duty of the world's workers to combat with all their strength all endeavors by the imperialist Powers to intervene in the home affairs of Russia or to cause a fresh civil war in that country. Therefore, in the name of millions of socialist proletarians which support it, and in the interest of the Russian as well as of the entire international working-classes the Congress declares that it opposes the violent intervention of imperialism by the moral intervention of the international proletariat. In order to preserve Russia as a support for the Revolution, and to prevent its becoming a focus of the international reaction, the Congress supports the following demands to the Soviet Government made by the Russian Social Democratic Party, reminding the Soviet Government of its proletarian origin.

1. The immediate cessation of the (outrageous) persecution of Socialists and workers of different opinions in Russia and in those parts of Georgia being occupied by Russian troops, immediate release of all such persons as have been convicted, condemned, or exiled for the propaganda of their political convictions.

2. Complete abandonment of the system of terroristic party dictatorship and the adoption of a regime of political freedom and democratic self-government of the people.

The Congress expresses to the socialist victims of the bolshevist terror in Russia and Georgia its warmest sympathy and declares it to be the duty of all affiliated Labor and Socialist parties to give every moral and material support to all those Russian socialists who work in the spirit of this resolution.

Soviet Messages from Moscow

THE Manchester *Guardian* of May 4 prints from its Berlin correspondent the text of two telegrams sent by Signor Amadori, Italian representative in Moscow, to the Foreign Office in Rome:

Telegram from Moscow to Rome, April 17, 12 4 a.m. 765

Cabinet: absolutely secret. Possibility of recall of Italian British Delegations is discussed here in political quarters and is making impression on population. Problem of recall is presented here under following points of view. Eventual recall of the two delegations should be published with the agreement or with the participation of U.S.A., France, Japan, so that maximum of unity may be achieved. In this case one counts with certainty on Russia's withdrawing her representatives.

[Following sentence obscure] in view of possible military movements against Poland or Baltic States. Recall of Delegations would do us no essential harm, while to Russia it would close all the sources from which she draws foreign money. Germany, while continuing to be represented in Moscow, would gain no advantage from this state of affairs, seeing that situation which in such conditions would be created by the Communist opposition [i.e., left wing of Russian Communist Party] would eliminate the possibility of economic and political cooperation [i.e., between Russia and Germany]. If, however, some new situation were to arise in Russia and were to constitute this possibility for Germany [i.e., cooperation with Russia] we would have ample time to renew relations [with Russia].

Recall of delegations could be supplemented by rupture of existing agreements and consequently by rupture of all commercial relations with, perhaps, this reserve—namely, that we retain our influence in Ukraine and Caucasus. Continued in telegram 770.—Amadori.

Moscow to Rome, April 17, 11 p.m.: Telegram to Minister of Foreign Affairs, Rome. 770

Cabinet: absolutely secret, continuing No. 765. In these conditions recall of delegations would have following results. In the first moment there would be reaction on the part of the Left [of the Communist Party], accompanied in all probability by acts of terrorism, but this fact itself would successively accelerate liquidation of terrorist regime. Financial administration of Bolsheviks would find itself isolated, and would be forced to [here there is indecipherable passage].

Internal conflicts would find sustenance in such new difficulties. This would supply the active and passive opposition with possibility of creating stir amongst the population. Regime of Bolshevik caste is condemned to go under, but it could still hold on for an undetermined time if one does not operate against it with pressure coming from Europe. The presence of representatives of Europe at Moscow will lead to no useful result, and at the same time it engenders great self-confidence and strength in the Bolshevik group.

This is why the possible recall of the representatives will probably be realized, if only with the object of accelerating in the present situation the crisis which will enfeeble Russia and will eliminate a danger deadly to European civilization.

In connection with these eventualities one must also take into account the possibility of an aggression on the part of Russia against her neighbors. Success of this aggression would depend upon moral successes which at this moment are imponderable.—Amadori.

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CASTE AND OUTCAST

The intimate daily life of a Brahmin child in India contrasted with his later search for the soul of the West in an American university. His contacts, naively described, are very illuminating.

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